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TO MEET AGAIN.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

I shall not meet you soon again;
In very truth I guess not when,
But soon or late
My heart can wait
The while it nobler grows, and then

'Twill greet your courage glad and high;
As high hearts should be met, for I
More strong and true
Because of you
Shall walk henceforth until I die.

Rash words and fulsome? Ah! not so.
I say them low. You do not know
I speak at all.
I do not call
Your name. I do but smile and go.

I go as one who has been met
By messenger that will not let
His spirit quail
Or visions pale.
I go, and never can forget.

AN ODD WOOING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN in a very desolate part of the South of England, bordering on the celebrated "Romney Marsh," and between that and the sea, there is what we would call a village, but what its inhabitants dignify by the name of "a town," and boast that they have a charter dating back from the time of Edward the Confessor; that Cardinal Wolsey himself was vicar of their gaunt-looking, weather-beaten, old Norman church; and that they are dwellers in one of the oldest townships within the four seas.

Be that as it may, one long, straggling street, a few outlaying, old, red houses with steep roofs, and the church itself are all that remain of their former importance.

The houses are old—very old—with odd little windows and queer-looking doors: the village inn is unchanged in outward appearance since George the First was King; the people themselves are staid and old-fashioned looking—the descendents, in many cases (low be it spoken), of smugglers.

The hamlet of Drydd stood in a kind of oasis between Romney Marsh, which cut it off from civilization, as it were, for miles on one side, and thousands of acres of waste land, stolen from the sea, on its other.

Drydd was out of the world—a place, in some respects, as it were, in the backwoods of America.

It was too far from the shingly shore, and too exposed for a fishing-station, and isolated by marsh lands, to have any railway near it.

How or why people live there I cannot imagine, unless by pure force of habit, and being mostly thriving, owning their own houses and their own bleak bit of land, which has descended to them from their ill-doing, but well-to-do forefathers.

One or two families of the upper ten still cling to this out-of-the-world spot.

There is Drydd Manor; just at the end of the village, and opposite the church lych-gate.

The ivy-covered walls enclosing it, run alongside of a shady lane (for there are plenty of hardy, evergreen oaks, all round Drydd), and inside these walls there is a quaint, old, red-brick house, standing on a gravel sweep, with regular rows of small windows, high gables, and a high-tiled roof.

At the back it opens upon a large enclosure, half garden, half pleasure-ground, with splendid trees dotted here and there, with long, straight walks, a noted mulberry tree, and a thatched summer-house.

The present inhabitant of the manor was a very old lady, reputed to be a miser, who never stirred across the threshold from one year's end to the other.

She lived almost entirely in two rooms, on the second floor, and dressed in the fashion of a dead-and-gone generation, wearing a short-waisted black gown, a white net handkerchief, fastened at her throat with a little garnet brooch, and disposed in folds across her chest, and a black cap.

She stooped a good deal now, and walked with a gold-headed stick, and was not quite as clear in her memory or her sight, as she had been ten years previously.

This was old Mrs. Dane of Drydd, the owner of the manor, and of a great deal besides, in the shape of land, and a most furious temper.

She was the possessor of something else also—something that she prized in her own very peculiar and unpleasant way—a granddaughter, her dead son's only child, Rosamond Dane.

She did not belie her name, for she was as beautiful in her own style as the fairest and sweetest flower that ever bloomed alone and unnoticed among a wilderness of brambles.

The old madam had been a Dane by birth and, retaining her maiden name, had married a good-looking young squire, whom, as long as he lived, she adored in her own way, and ruled with a rod of iron; but one day her husband had been brought home to her dead.

He had broken his neck out hunting, and she was left a widow, a handsome, rich, well-born widow,—with one son (a little boy of four years old). Mrs. Kitty Dane never took another spouse.

Why it was that she resisted every offer, whether she was attached to the memory of her late husband, or whether men were too much afraid of her well-known "Dane temper," we know not.

She remained on at Dane's Court, a place about forty miles from Drydd, duly put her heir into jackets, whipped him severely and frequently, and finally sent him to school.

Undismayed by her husband's fate she followed the foxhounds for years with reckless persistence and courage, hunting always in a scarlet jacket and black skirt, and charging everything that came in the way of herself and her first-rate hunter in a manner that called forth immense admiration from the male sex, who were often compelled to follow the bold widow's lead, and which caused their stay-at-home wives and daughters to lift up their hands and eyes and exclaim with pious horror for a fox-hunting lady was not a common nor a popular spectacle sixty winters ago.

But Mrs. Kitty did not care a straw for the squiresses.

She had a hot bowl of broth every morning at seven o'clock, and set off on her well-bred, rat-tailed hunter, were it miles, to the nearest meet, and enjoyed herself vastly in her own way.

She visited these dames occasionally in her green chariot with four grey horses, and was just as snubby and stiff to them, and more than they were to her, for in her presence it was a brave woman who would look askance at Mrs. Dane.

After some time her son Tom grew up, went into the army in spite of his mother, spent his money like a man, and married—married a nobody without a penny, with nothing to recommend her but a small waist and a pretty face; a mere attorney's daughter, who had danced and flirted herself into Lieutenant Dane's good graces.

His mother was furious, beside herself. She had never heard of the match till all was settled.

She had a fair-haired, well-born bride put aside in her own mind for Tom, and without a word he went and pleased himself!

She was fond of her son, and between grief and rage she was nearly wild, and her domestics had anything but a happy time of it for some weeks subsequent to the wedding.

Tom boldly brought his bride to Dane's Court, and his mother put a strong restraint upon herself, met her on the hall-door steps, and kissed her; but the bride whose head was turned by her success in marrying the owner of this splendid mansion and large-spreading well-timbered park, gave the old lady a very frosted salute, and with great condescension asked "to be shown to her room."

She was not aware that old Mrs. Dane was monarch of all she surveyed, and that Tom had not a penny or an acre of his own, or she would not have patronized her mother-in-law, ordered this, and asked for that, and conducted herself as if she was the mistress, and the other a mere deposed potentate.

The old lady had a very serious, not to say stormy, interview with her son two days later, to explain matters to Theresa. She would not stop; he and she might stay at Dane's Court.

She would make him an allowance, and remove, bag and baggage, to Drydd Manor, where she had been born.

This intelligence the bride hailed with delight, and danced about her room in a childlike and ridiculous manner.

The position was hers; but she did not clap her hands and dance when she saw all the old pictures and plate removed, the family diamonds and lace ditto, the carriage and horses ditto ditto, and the fine staff of liveried servants dispersed as by an enchanter's wand.

Dane's Court and five-hundred a year what was that? Merely beggary!

Tom must remain in the service, and Dane's Court be let. They were both young people of extravagant ideas.

A ladies' maid and valet, a curricle and pair, dinners, and opera-boxes, swallowed up their cash, and they found themselves in debt.

There was nothing for it but to go to India, and Tom and Theresa sailed for the coral strand after one twelvemonth of a short and merry life in London.

A year later Tom died of fever in Barrackpore, and his widow despatched her only child, a little girl of six months old, to the care of her grandmother in the charge of an ayah, and accompanied by a black-edged letter, with a border so deep that there was hardly space for the directions on the envelope.

The sweet child was too precious to be kept in that horrid country which had deprived her of her darling Tom, and she herself was in too poor health to venture the voyage, and was going to the hills with some kind and sympathetic friends, and would return to England before the next hot weather. But she never returned.

She married—married, after less than a year, a young officer of Engineers, who died. Still she did not return home.

Still she clung to the Indian hills, and quite recently had taken for her third husband an elderly and impecunious colonel, who was at last revelling in an excellent staff appointment; and the prospect of Rosamond Dane meeting her mother (Mrs. Brand), was now, if anything, more remote than ever.

Rosamond had spent all her childhood at Drydd.

There she had been sent to a school and very select school, kept by a lady who "offered every advantage, religious and educational," for the sum of two hundred guineas per annum.

Rosamond was now seventeen.

She was not to return to school after the holidays, and it became a serious question between the old lady and her maid, Maggs, what was to be done with her?

She ought to go into society and be seen and make a good match, but who was to take her?

They had no acquaintances, no friends, beyond Dr. Black and his wife, and the old rector, Mr. Cameron.

"However, there's plenty of time yet," was her grandmother's way of winding up everything, as Maggs put her to bed, left the lozenges within her reach, and settled the night-light in the most approved manner, and put up the fire-guard.

Mrs. Dane did not take her meal downstairs. Rosamond breakfasted alone.

After meals she paid a visit to her grandmother, read her the daily morning Psalms, read her the daily paper, was lectured a little about holding herself up, poking her chin, or crossing her feet, and was free for the day—the great, long, empty day.

After she had wandered round the garden snipped off some flowers, practiced for an hour, what was there to do with the huge, gaping afternoon hours of a long summer's day? especially in a place like Drydd, where there were no neighbors, no shopping, no tennis, riding or driving, no lending library?

It was worse than a convent, for there was companionship and also ample occupation.

Here was a pretty, a very pretty girl, her own mistress, so to speak, with absolutely no employment.

What an opportunity for him "who finds some mischief still for idle hands to do!"

So old Mrs. Dane dosed and woke up again in an arm-chair at her open window and read over venerable novels (her own contemporaries), and talked a little to herself now and then, and ate some liquorice ball, whilst her sole heiress, her beautiful granddaughter, the Rose of Drydd, hastened with hasty, elastic steps over the green turf across the Marshes to meet, of course, a young man.

* * * * * *

And how came Rosamond Dane to know a young man, much less to be running to meet him this lovely July afternoon, just as the shadows of the trees were beginning to stretch themselves upon the short green turf? Ah! thereby hangs a tale.

About a month before the opening of my story, Rosamond and her setter puppy, Dash, had rambled a long way from home. The young lady was an excellent walker, and knew every inch of the Marshes, as they were called, and with every reason, too.

Had she not been brought up on them since she could toddle?

This particular evening she rambled aimlessly along inland, and from the grassy, scrubby, bleak pasture she approached alders fringing grassy roads, and a part of the world intersected by sluggish dykes in all directions. Not a soul had she seen.

There was a dead, an almost oppressive, silence all around, and the rapid, noiseless flight of home-going birds overhead caused her to remember with a start that it was time she, too, was going home, but she had no desire to retrace her steps in the same track.

She would cut across the next flat, and over a stile into what she believed to be the little-used high road back to Drydd.

She was in no great hurry to return.

She hated sitting indoors these lovely summer evenings, sitting in grandmamma's musty old boudoir or dressing-room, retailing all she had seen, which was not much, knitting a good piece of the old lady's stocking, and taking up dropped stitches, reading aloud a few chapters of the

"Scottish Cavaliers" (which she nearly knew by heart), and finally brewing her grandmother her nightly jorum of port wine negus, with hot water, sugar, and nutmeg.

Ugh! how she hated the smell of it, and why would grandma always keep her windows hermetically sealed so?

Thinking of these things the young lady loitered along, and coming to a stile in the hedge turning into a lane she leant her elbows on the top bar and her chin in her hands, and gave herself up to maiden meditation fancy free.

It was no wonder she was called the Rose of Drydd strangers, few and far between, declared who had seen her.

In figure she was tall and very slight—too slight, but then she was only seventeen.

Her hair was brown and very abundant, and massed up at the nape of her neck in one thick coil.

Her face was oval, her complexion like the wild roses in the hedges around her; eyes deep violet, looking out between the longest, blackest lashes that ever swept a pretty cheek.

She wore a white dress with a massive silver belt, a silver buckles and bangles, all Indian work, gifts from her far-away stranger mother, a crimson rose in her breast; her straw hat hung over her arm, and her dog by her side; and I think a man must have been hard to please if he denied that he had ever seen a prettier picture than that presented by Rosamond and Dash as they rested by the stile, and watched the yellow sun gradually sinking lower over the wide, flat horizon.

"We must be going home, Dash," she said, rousing herself at last. "It's getting near supper time, and we have a good three miles before us," stepping lightly over the stile, and landing in the lane as agile as a deer; but as she cleared her eyes from it she uttered a smothered exclamation of astonishment and fear, for standing beside her, evidently just slipped out from the shelter of the hedge, was a burly, powerful, ferocious-looking tramp.

"Jail-bird" was written all over him in legible characters.

His hair was close shorn to his evil-looking, sloping skull.

He was probably out three days.

Little sharp, ferret eyes gleamed out from under a regular pent-house of a forehead—little eyes that looked with the glance of a connoisseur at Miss Dane's massive silver ornaments.

He wore shabby fustian clothes, of the "dog-fancier cut," a fur cap, and a dirty, red woolen comforter, and he was certainly not the sort of person you felt an invincible reliance on at the first sight, nor yet exactly the character that you would care to meet, were you a young lady, in a lonely lane about three miles from home, at eight o'clock on a summer's evening.

Rosamond choked down her feeling, and taking her hat from her arm was about to resume it, and pass on with all the *sang froid* she could muster.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the tramp in an oily voice; "but might I ask what a clock it is? That dog o' yourn don't bite, do he?"

"I cannot tell you—I have not my watch—about eight o'clock! No, he never bit anyone in his life. Come away, Dash!"

"I beg pardon, miss, for making so bold; but, maybe, you are going to Drydd, and could point me out the way, or let me walk along side o' you," with a leer.

"The road to Drydd is straight on from the next turn. Please to pass me. I hate anyone walking beside me."

"Do you now?" glancing about cautiously. "Well, I'm not one o' your nasty particulars; I like walking along o' a pretty girl as well as any one. I suppose now you would not give me a kiss, would yer?" grinning hideously.

To this Rosamond made no reply, but her heart beat very fast, and she became red and white by turns.

"If you don't you know, I'll be obliged to take those pretty little silver things from you, and that would be a pity, now wouldn't it?"

"Wretch! robber!" said Rosamond, pausing and confronting him. "You would not dare!" regarding him with pallid cheeks and blazing eyes.

"Dare, indeed!" with a mocking laugh, seizing one of her hands. At this his victim gave a smothered scream, and he exclaimed ferociously—

"Scream away! You may scream yourself hoarse and none will hear you; no one comes this road more often nor twice a week. Hand over that belt o' yourn. Hand it over—do you, hear, or I shall take it. Come!"

Rosamond, with wildly, agonized looks, glanced up and down the lane.

No help of any sort in sight—no one coming; with trembling fingers she unfastened the heavy Indian circlet and handed it over.

"It's a tidy weight," he said, weighing it approvingly. "Now, my sweet young woman, I'll trouble you for the necklet."

Her necklet was very, very slowly detached.

Anything, anything to gain time.

"Yes, my dear, it's a very nice necklet, and I see that the bracelets match it. We won't part them," joosely.

Having secured the bangles he surveyed his trembling victim critically, and said, "Hold up your hands. No rings. Ah, that's bad! No watch—worse still! However, I'm a very easy-going, good-natured fellow, and I don't mind letting you off home to your supper if you give me a real, good, hearty kiss."

"Never!" she cried, passionately. "You may kill me first," springing past him with such speed, and so unexpectedly, that she had run about ten yards before the ruffian realized that she was gone.

But he was not called Souple Jack for nothing, and in a second he was after her.

Fast as she run, fear adding wings to her feet, he ran faster, howling out oaths and threats of a description to turn the blood of an ordinary young woman into ice in her veins—stupid, foolish Dash galloping by his agonized mistress with cheery barks, and thinking all the time it was very excellent fun—a race!

The tramp was gaining on Rose at every step, and she knew it; he would murder her now.

Her hair was undone, her breath failing, her eyes nearly glazed with terror.

Still she ran on, on, and at the corner of the lane came into violent collision with another man—a gentleman this time.

She was saved!

This gentleman, who happened so fortunately to be on the spot, was a Mr. Allan Gordon, a civil engineer, who had been sent down to prospect and report on a part of the marsh on behalf of a railway company.

He had had his headquarters at a little village within a mile of this particular spot, and had been hard at work for the last week.

As he is to be our hero I must tell a few more particulars about him and his antecedents before we return to Rosamond.

He was one of the younger branches of a very old Scotch family; he was an only child.

His father was wealthy, and in his early days Allan had never known a wish ungratified.

He had boasted a pony, a gold watch, a gun at an age when other boys merely dream in a hazy way of such splendid possibilities.

He had had a first-class education, no expense spared, and he had been that anomaly—a rich boy with splendid prospects, who had brains and had used them, and it was well he had; for in a very disastrous bank failure his father lost every penny, and had in his old age to begin the world afresh again.

Allan now found his talents of some use—he became a civil engineer.

He was only beginning to make his way; but he made it.

He and his father lived together (his mother had been dead for years), and "scraped along," as he called it, comfortably enough. Of course there was no Lafitte claret, no brougham, no Havanna cigars for the old gentleman; but there was a good plain dinner, a comfortable armchair, and a meerschaum pipe, and he still, by his son's orders and command, kept up his subscription to the "Old Fogies" Club, and framed himself in its bow window now and then.

His son was known to be a rising man; he had ruined himself to pay his bank creditors, so not more than half his old friends dropped him, gently and gradually.

Allan Gordon was twenty-five, tall, dark, and remarkably handsome.

He looked more the cut of a cavalry officer than a plodding civil engineer, and, indeed, he was to have been gazetted to a crack calvary regiment had all gone well to the head of the house.

He did not go in for ladies' society; he had no time for "butterflying," as he called it, in London drawing-rooms; his time means money, and he could not afford to squander it.

Of course, he had his own ideas about things, and what the one perfect and ideal woman should be like; but he little dreamt that he would come across her in that forsaken and forgotten part of the world, Drydd Marshes.

He had been measuring distances all day and walking miles.

His last feat had been to climb a crumbling old tower, which had neither name, fame, or history, and view the landscape o'er for the last time.

It had a broken stone stair leading to an upper floor, where a yawning aperture at either side gave four different views of the country.

He looked out of one, he saw Drydd Marsh and the sea, out of another Drydd Marsh village, and tall church spire; out of another, what?—a girl in white in a lane close by and a man threatening her, and a great big useless fool of a dog. The man was a tramp. The girl—there was no time to speculate.

In another moment he was headlong down the stairs, across the fields, and into a road which debouched upon the scene in question.

Here she was running for her life, and the ruffian after her.

"Save me—save me!" she panted breathlessly, and in a moment Allan had interposed himself between her and her pursuer who, unable to stop his headlong career, was brought up by a strong hand—a hand stronger than his own, and that was saying a good deal—on the collar of his coat.

"What the deuce are you doing to this young lady?" shaking him as he would a rat. "Has he robbed you?" turning to Rosamond, who stood by gasping for breath, and shaking all over like an aspen leaf.

"Yes; he has taken my belt and necklet and bangles."

"You're a nice jail-bird, you are! Hand them over, this instant!" giving him an angry shake. "I think a little longer visit to a place you know pretty well will do you no harm."

"Young women has no business (disgorging his spoil as he spoke) to be going about with valuables in this way, tempting poor men."

"I wonder you didn't say honest, you scoundrel! Are they all right?" handing them over to Rosamond. In doing so he somewhat relaxed his hold, and the thief, taking swift advantage of this, gave himself one violent wrench, and was off into a neighboring plantation like an arrow from a bow.

Allan was about to follow him, but a glance at the young lady deterred him.

"Don't, don't leave me here alone!" she gasped, hysterically. "There may be more and I shall be murdered."

"Oh! I don't think there's any chance of that! But I will stay, if you will allow me to see you home," picking up her hat as he spoke, and looking at her critically for the first time.

Although her face was pallid, her lips trembling, her hair tumbling down her shoulders, she had the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

Who would expect to meet a high-born looking maiden with a classic profile rambling all alone in the neighborhood of Drydd Marshes?

Where did she live? She must have dropped from the clouds!

"I don't know how I can thank you," she began treinuously, now, when all was over to her deliverer's horror, commencing to cry. "He, that man, was going to murder me, I know, and would have only for you—only you came; he would have killed me!"

"He was probably only trying to give you a good fright," said Allan, mendaciously. "After being so plucky all along, surely you are never going to cry now! Come, here is your hat," suggestively, "had you not better put it on?"

Rosamond made a great effort, for she was on the verge of hysterics, swallowed down her sobs, twisted up her hair with hasty trembling fingers, found her hat, put her dangerous ornaments in her pockets, and declared that she was ready to go home but was quite ashamed to take him so far—all the way to Drydd.

"Drydd—where the old church is? I did not know that any (gentry he was going to say, but corrected it to) people lived there; nothing but a few old fossilified smugglers."

"I am not a fossilified smuggler," returned Rosamond, with a wintry smile, "and I live there."

"And may I ask how you came to be wandering all alone so far from home? The lady who went through Ireland with all her jewels intact would have fared badly down in this part of the world. You know the song 'Rich and Rare'?"

"Yes of course I do. The reason I ramble is because I like it, and by myself is because I have no companion; but after to-day," shuddering, "I never dare venture out alone again; and it was my only pleasure!"

Allan glanced down curiously on the young lady beside him, whose "only pleasure" was rambling about these bleak regions alone.

Was she quite sane?

"Yes, and quite in earnest," he told himself, after a long look of grave interrogation.

"You look surprised," she said, responding to his gaze with a pair of innocent, frank eyes.

"I am surprised. Have you no relations or friends—no one in the world belonging to you—that they permit a—a young lady (he was going to say beautiful girl but didn't) like you to wander about unprotected, and alone!"

"Unprotected!" with a laugh. "I never dreamt of protection till now. I have only one relation—grandmamma. She is a very old lady, who never goes out, and never leaves her room. We live at Drydd Manor House. My name is," blushing a little, "is Rosamond Dane. What is yours?"

"Rosamond Dane," he reported, slowly; "and mine is Allan Gordon. I am a civil engineer, come down to inspect the Marsh for the railway company."

"For the new railway company!" eagerly. "Oh! I do hope we shall have one!"

"I don't wonder; you are a little bit out of the world! And have you lived all your life at Drydd?"

"No, I was born in India. My mother lives there still. She is married again. Only fancy, I have never seen her, and I am seventeen and six months!"

Mr. Gordon immediately branded this lady in his own mind as an inhuman, unnatural parent, and asked, politely—

"And have you no companion but your grandmother?"

"No one, except the old servants. And there is Mrs. Black, the doctor's wife; but (apologetically) she is old, too!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated her companion, "and you never see a person of your own age? How on earth do you spend your time? I wonder you don't grow into a cabbage!"

"I read to grandmamma, and I practice, and I garden, and I walk about the garden with Dash, and I go to church on Sunday," triumphantly.

Allan walked on for some moments in silence.

He was trying to realize in his own mind what such a life must be, and, failing.

What a shame to keep this lovely, graceful girl walking by his side buried in this social graveyard—she who was fitted to shine in any society, was born like a flower to blush unseen.

Perhaps it was the happier lot, after all! Here she lived a calm, unruffled existence. Out in the world it would be different, for she possessed in a high degree the fatal—yes, he said to himself, the fatal—gift of beauty.

At last they reached the old postern door in the ivy wall opposite the church, and Allan took off his hat, and was about to take his leave, when his companion said—"I cannot ask you in, or I would, but grandmamma never sees anyone. I wish I could tell you how grateful I am to you, but I'm not good at making speeches," holding out her hand and glancing timidly up into her companion's handsome dark face. "I shall never forget you, Mr. Gordon."

"Nor I you, Miss Dane," he returned, with a smile. "And instead of thanks, which I don't want, will you give me something else?" with an eagerness that amazed himself, "that red rose in the front of your dress?"

And she did.

But why did she rival it in color as she laid it in his hand?

And what possessed him to ask for it? he demanded angrily of himself as he walked quickly home through the rapidly falling twilight.

And why did he carry it so carefully as he leaped ditches and vaulted gates?

Why did he put it in water the instant he reached the humble inn where he lodged? Aye, why?

"Where on earth did he get this?" said an inquisitive chambermaid, fingering it profanely, when he had gone out surveying the following morning. "Whatever has he been up to? Where has he been? Roses like this 'ere," sniffing it critically, "don't grow upon such places as Drydd Marshes, and can't be picked up there. We know better!"

CHAPTER II.

FOR once in her life Rosamond could heartily and satisfactorily respond to her grandmother's invariable querulous formula, "Any news?" a question asked regularly every evening, in spite of the invariable reply, "No, not a word, grandmamma.

What did the old lady expect the girl had to tell?

Probably she had not seen a human being the whole afternoon—nothing but the crows and the cattle on the marshes.

For once in her life Rosamond had a great deal to say.

The history of her walk, of her encounter with the tramp, of her rescue by the stranger, were all unfolded to the grandmother's ears.

The old lady listened with many ejaculations and many rappings of her stick on the floor, and insisted on hearing the whole story all over again.

"It's as good as a book or a newspaper!" she said, excitedly.

Then she rang for Maggs, and the tale was once more unfolded for her benefit; but Maggs looked very grave—very grave! She was not getting childish in her mind, and she was horrified at hearing of the ruffianly behavior of the tramp, and not too well pleased to listen to Rosamond's warm praises of the young gentleman who had arrived so opportunely.

"This rambling about by yourself, Miss Rose, will never do. You are getting too big to be flying about the country like a child, and it can't be done no longer!"

"Then you will have to come with me yourself, armed with a big stick," said Miss Dane, laughing; "for I can't stay in the house always!"

"Well, we'll see about that. You can't be going out alone, and that's a fact. Now, madam," to the old lady, "don't you think," coaxingly, "you had better be going to bed? Here is the hot water for your negus," coaxingly.

But the old lady was too much taken up with the adventure of her granddaughter to listen to reason, and positively sat up a whole hour past her bedtime, talking, questioning, ejaculating, and saying, "Well to be sure—well to be sure! Maggs did you ever hear anything so extraordinary?" and Maggs replied at least twenty distinct times that she had not.

At last the old lady was persuaded to go to bed, and the example was followed by her granddaughter, who, worn out with an unusually long walk and and the exciting events of the day, slept soundly.

Next morning she woke, as usual, very early, and watched the daylight stealing into her room, and heard the birds singing lustily in the trees below her window, and tried, as she opened her sleepy eyes, to remember all at once what very odd thing happened to her yesterday.

In a moment it all came back—the awful scene in the lane, the coarse ruffian's threats his brawny hand on her wrist, his breath on her cheek.

She lay and brought it all over at her leisure.

It seemed like a dream, a hideous nightmare.

And the tall young man in the tweed suit—he was no dream; he was reality. What nice dark eyes he had!

She was not a bit afraid of him; the way he spoke put her entirely at her ease, and she felt quite as if she had known him before, and this was really very odd, for he was positively and actually the first and only young man she had ever spoken to in her life.

And will it be thought strange that as she dressed, and took her breakfast, and strolled round the garden in the morning sun, she thought a great deal more of Mr. Gordon than of "Souple Jack?"

"She would never see him again, of course," she remarked to herself, as she picked the twin-sister of the rose she gave him the previous evening, and placed it in her gown.

She wondered why he had asked for the flower, what he was going to do with it?—and she also wondered very frequently, with rather heightened color, if she had been wrong, forward, and unmaidenly to

tell him "she would never forget him?" She hoped she would never see him again. She was sure she had been very forward. Oh! why, why had she said it? What had possessed her?

She hoped, now that she came to reflect over the whole thing, she might never see him again.

What a horrid, odious, country bumpkin he must think her.

And she sat down in the summer-house with her elbows on the little, rustic table, and winked away several tears of shame that had risen to her eyes.

But she was fated to see him again, and soon—as soon as the following Sunday.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Neglected Signal.

BY E. F. SPENCER.

AN old, well-worn story enough, as almost any daily paper can attest. A pointsman worn out by long hours of weary watchfulness, a neglected signal, and in an instant a mighty crash, the rending of timber, the piercing shrieks of women mingling with the hoarse cries of men, as a heavily-loaded passenger train goes over a steep embankment.

Leonard Rivers crawled out from among the ruins, shook himself, and thanked Heaven for his safety.

But a single moment did he give of thought to his own condition; the destruction of a hat or coat was nothing.

Bodily he was all right, and he must give of his undiminished strength to the help of other less fortunate.

He remembered a young lady who had occupied a seat near him in whose appearance he had become deeply interested, and it struck him that she must be somewhere beneath the crushed and broken mass from which he had himself crawled.

He had become interested in her, an entire stranger, because she had been so pretty and so modest, and because she had appeared to be lonely and melancholy, as though mourning the loss of a friend near and very dear.

In form she had been plump and small; her eyes blue; her hair, golden; and her features simply lovely.

Where was she?

With desperate eagerness he went at the work of searching for her, and his efforts were richly rewarded.

He found her beneath an overlying mass of debris, and by the putting forth of prodigious strength, and the exercise of the greatest care and circumspection, he drew her forth not only alive but not very seriously harmed, though at the moment he feared that she had been hurt most cruelly. She was weak, and faint, and sorely frightened and could neither walk nor stand; so, without any hesitation whatever, he took her up into his strong arms, with her head pillowed safely and restfully upon his shoulder to a neighboring cottage, the good woman of which kindly and cheerfully took his fair burden from him, promising that all should be done for her that could be done.

As soon as the young man had been assured that he could be of no more help, and that all should go on well in his absence, he returned to the wreck of the railway train, to render such further assistance as he could.

And he did much.

He worked an hour or more, and then went back to the house where he had left his waif of the wreck, and his heart beat with an emotion that was absolutely new to him.

Somehow the sight of that fair girl, the saving her from perhaps death, and the bearing her in his arms, close against his bosom, her head resting upon his shoulder, with the tender light of her eyes more than once beaming gratefully upon him—all this had touched his heart as it had never been touched before.

He wondered who she was. He hoped he knew not what. His thoughts were in a whirl.

He reached the house and entered. He met the hostess, and she told him that the young lady had gone.

No, no!

It could not be! The lady he had left there, where was she?

Surely she was gone. A gentleman had come who had been in the train—her uncle the hostess thought—and with him had come a physician—and when the gentleman had been told that it would be safe to move her, he went away and procured a carriage and came with it, and took her away.

"She asked after you, sir, and seemed anxious to see you again, but her uncle would not wait.

"She was a sweet girl, one of the prettiest, and mildest, and most pleasant-spoken that I ever met."

And that was all that Leonard could learn. Even her name he could not discover.

Our hero had graduated at Oxford with distinguished honors, at the age of twenty; had then entered his name at one of the leading firms; and shortly after his majority, had been admitted to the bar, and had commenced practice in his native town; his father being the head of an old established firm of solicitors, had given him part of his office, and a large share of his business.

Weeks and months passed on, and our young lawyer was becoming more and more popular, and his causes of the first class. One day, in mid-autumn, someone remarked in Leonard's hearing that they had succeeded in engaging an excellent organist for their church.

Their old organist had left them during the summer, and they had since found much difficulty in carrying on the musical portion of the devotional exercises.

"What sort of a man is he?" asked Leonard, who had a fine tenor voice, and belonged to the choir.

"It is not a man at all," the informant said, laughingly. "She is a woman—a girl—and one of the prettiest and sweetest, and most modest creatures I ever met. In fact, she is altogether lovely." But he didn't know her name.

Why Leonard should have been in such a fever of anxiety, even himself could not tell. However, he was soon to be enlightened, for the next practice-night he met the new organist.

For a moment he felt blind and dizzy. His heart gave a great bound, and then stood still. But he recovered himself quickly and started forward. Impulsively he grasped her hand, holding it as though it belonged to him, for in the new organist he beheld his waif of the wreck.

And she seemed to be equally affected. Into her soft blue eyes came an effulgent light, and her whole face seemed transfigured. In that moment the man knew that he had loved the beautiful girl since that time he had borne her in his arms; and had he been able to read the signs upon her eloquent face, he might have known that his love was returned.

Before the rehearsal was over, Leonard had learned that the lady's name was Nellie Blair, and that she came from London.

At the close of the practice, as the members of the choir reached the broad stone steps outside the vestibule, Leonard offered his arm to the organist, and she took it as though it belonged to her—took it with a frankness and willingness, and a trustfulness that sent a thrill of gladness to the youth's heart.

"Oh! you don't know how I felt when I came back from the wreck of our railway train, after I had given all the help to the suffering that lay in my power, and found you gone. It seemed to me as though a great blank had come into my life; and I tell you truly, I have felt it so ever since."

Her hand trembled upon his arm, and she seemed to draw more closely to him. She spoke as deeply and as feelingly as he had done—

"I could not help it, dear friend. My uncle came for me, and I was obliged to go with him. He had been in a smoking compartment when the accident happened. I did want to see you again, to thank you for your heroic effort in my behalf. I know you risked your life more than once in your attempts to reach me."

"You knew me when you met me this evening?"

"Knew you!" she repeated, in blank wonderment.

And then he told her that he had not been sure that she had her senses sufficiently to know what was being done with her, or who was helping her.

"Ah!" she answered him, with a wondrous softness in her voice, "I knew everything. I could not speak, but I saw you; I knew when you came near me, and when you snatched me from death, and when—when—you—took me in your arms, and I pillowed my head on your shoulder; and I remember what a sense of trustfulness and restfulness was mine as I felt your strong arms upholding me."

Leonard's heart was throbbing wildly, and he came very near telling her then and there that he loved her, but he held back the words.

She must have read the desire of his heart, for, without waiting for leading questions, she told him the story of her life—told him simply and frankly, and he knew truthfully.

Her living relatives, with one exception, were poor, but her family was one in whose record there was no stain.

All this she told him in a quiet, trustful way, as though anxious that he should know that his brave deed had not been done for an unworthy object.

This was enough for the ardent lover; for a lover he was, in every sense of the word. He knew that his mother and sister would not favor such a course on his part; for they were, in their own estimation, the very creme de la creme of all that was nice, and choice, and select, and ultra fashionable. And why not?

To be sure, they were not rich. And why should they be? Vulgar people were rich. Still, they forced to admit that a fair share of wealth would have been pleasant. As it was, however, they—mother and daughter—Mrs. Letitia and Miss Leoline—managed to spend Mr. Rivers' money about as fast as he could earn it and turn it in.

It was on the evening of the very first snow of the season that Leonard told Nellie Blair how fondly and truly he loved her. She answered him, from the depths of her heart, and confessed that he had given her a joy and a happiness such as she had never before known. For a time the loving twain were lost in a delirium of infinite ecstasy; but they came down to sober, sensible thought after a time, when Leonard began to consider when they should be married. Nellie was willing to leave it all to him.

"As for my mother and sister," he said, "I shall not speak with them on the subject, for I know they will bitterly oppose it, and I do not care to stir up their wrath in advance. My father—dear old soul!—will be glad to see me married; and, moreover, I know that he really loves you. He has watched you at the organ, and has listened to your music until he has come to regard you as something superior. I shan't tell him my plans; but we can make them all the same."

And it was arranged, before they separated, that they would be married on Christmas Eve.

Oh! how madame, the lawyer's lady, and mademoiselle, his daughter, did split the welkin when they knew of it! Never should the "low-lived adventuress," enter their house. Never would they recognize her. Never! Never!

"Leonard, if you marry that girl, you need never expect that your mother or your sister will know her as your wife. We won't speak with her. We won't recognize her in any way. So—now!"

Leonard's only response was a light, frolicsome laugh.

The weeks passed on until it only wanted a single day of Christmas. The plan of Leonard concerning his marriage had been followed up, and the arrangements all made for the grand consummation. The old solicitor was sorry his wife was so put out, but he could not find it in his heart to oppose his son's choice.

He had hoped—and he was free to confess it—that his boy might have found a good, true, loving wife, who could have brought him both happiness and material wealth.

He would not allow his old hopes to stand in the way of his dear boy's marrying with the girl of his choice.

On the very day before Christmas—the day on which Leonard's marriage was to be solemnized—towards the middle of the forenoon, Mr. Rivers entered his drawing-room where his wife and daughter were sitting, in his hand a telegram.

"Letitia, General Vandeleur will be here this afternoon. I have just received a telegram from him. We must be ready for him."

Wife and daughter were on the qui vive in a moment.

He came in with Rivers, and having greeted the wife and daughter, he sat down with the rest and entered into conversation. While they were talking Leonard came in. The general knew him well, and greeted him cordially.

For a time the conversation flowed pleasantly, and by-and-by, as there came a lull, the visitor made known his business.

"I am after a runaway ward of mine," he said. "Or," he added, correcting himself, "she was my ward. I was to have had control until she was twenty, and she saw the twentieth anniversary of her birthday two months ago; and—would you believe it?—within a week from that time she cleared out—ran off—disappeared."

"What is her name?" said the solicitor?"

"Carrington—Miss Nellie Blair Carrington."

"Does she play the organ?" asked the host.

"Play the organ?" repeated his guest, as though the theme were too big for his vocabulary. "Why, bless me! she was born with music on the brain.

"The facts of the case are just here: The girl is a niece of mine—a child of my sister Agatha.

"Early last spring she and I were in that railway smash-up at Didcombe Junction. I was in a smoking-car at the time of the accident, and was not much hurt.

"I got to the spot where I supposed she ought to be as soon as I could, and found that she had been dragged out from mortal danger, and carried off to a house not far away.

"I found the house, and found her,—found her, sitting up, and but little hurt. A doctor was there, who told me that it might be better for her, if she were to be removed, to be removed at once; so I found a carriage and took her away.

"She begged hard to be left where she was but I would not listen.

"I got her home as soon as I could, fully persuaded that she would come out all right as soon as she had got over a slight sprain. But there must have been a mischief of which I did not know.

"There must have been some blow on the head,—something that affected her reason. She hadn't been the same girl since. What ailed her I could not find out. She declared—nothing.

"But I knew better. The next thing I knew, she had disappeared, leaving behind for me a brief note, in which she said—I think, it was thus:

"My Dear Uncle—I am twenty years old, and am my own mistress. Good-bye for a little time. Don't look for me, and don't worry. I assure you I am fully competent to care for myself."

At this point Leonard once arose and staggered from the room; and before he had fairly gathered his senses into order for clear and coherent thought, he found himself at the house of the widow.

"Oh, Nellie! how could you deceive me so?"

"How—how have I deceived you? If I concealed from you the last part of my name, I gave you, at least, all of the name that I dared to keep.

"As for the other item—my wealth—now that I must acknowledge it, you shall help me so to use it that the greatest good shall flow to the greatest number. Tell me, love that I am forgiven!"

A change was made in the plans of the lovers as they had been at first laid down. Instead of being married from the cottage of the good widow, they pleased mamma and sister Leoline by having the ceremony beneath the old roof-tree of home; because the happily enlightened pair—mother and daughter had come to love and to cherish the darling girl—"bless her dear sweet soul!"

The old general gave the child away; and happiness unalloyed ruled the hours—a happiness that was to continue, till thousands should have occasion to bless the event of The Neglected Signal.

Bric-a-Brac.

A NATURAL COMPASS.—In the vast prairies of Texas a little plant is to be found which under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flower to the north. If a solitary traveler be making his way across those wilds, without a star to guide, or compass to direct him, he finds a monitor in a humble plant, and follows its guidance—certain that it will not mislead him.

THE AUTHOR'S WORK.—Some of Tennyson's pieces were re-written fifty times. Gibbons on his "Decline and Fall," spent twenty years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his "Frederick the Great." A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read one thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda. Allison read two thousand before he completed his history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand and wrote only two books.

HIS TOBACCO BOX.—Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco box was of large proportions, as befitted the character of the the giver of the weed to the old world. In 1719 this relic was preserved in the museum of Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds. It was of a cylindrical form, about seven inches in diameter and thirteen inches high; the outside was of gilt leather, and in the inside was a cavity for a glass or metal receiver, which would hold about a pound of tobacco. A kind of collar connecting the receiver with the base, was pierced with holes for pipes.

THE KING'S JESTER.—In olden times it was the custom of kings to keep court jesters. Francis I. of France kept one who was very witty, and was in the habit of poking fun even at the great lords of the court. Most of them took his jokes in good part, but a few did not like them, and one threatened to kill the jester. The latter went to the king and complained of the threat. "Have no fear," said the king, "he won't do it, and if he does he shall not live an hour before I have his head cut off." "I am very much obliged to your Majesty for your gracious protection," replied the jester "but could you not manage to cut his head off an hour before he kills me instead of an hour after? That would certainly be far preferable."

A PECULIAR TREE.—A Massachusetts correspondent writes stating that he has an apple tree which, to all appearances, never blossoms, and yet the blossom seems to be there, but it has no petals though in every other way it seems to be perfect. The tree bears a nice eating apple of a peculiar shape being large near the stem and small near the end, just the reverse of the pear. This apple has seeds, but they are not in their natural place, being in the end of the apple, plainly visible from the outside, while the core in every other respect seems to be perfect. This year the tree seems to be more peculiar than ever, bearing all shapes of apples, some being double and having two cores and one stem, and others with a small apple growing out near the stem, a sort of child to the larger parent.

GUILTY.—The following story has been well authenticated: During the assizes at Exeter, Sir James Dyce, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, presided at a trial for murder. The evidence left no doubt of the guilt of the man in the dock. To the great surprise of the judge and the public the jury acquitted the man. So utterly wrong appeared the verdict, that it is said the judge called the foreman of the jury to his private room to ask him on what grounds they had discharged the prisoner. The foreman said: "I am going to tell you something which I wish you not to reveal for three days." The judge assented to this. "Well, sir," continued the foreman, "I am the man who committed the murder. It was not the man who was tried this morning. From knowing all the circumstances of the case, I pointed out to the jury various discrepancies in the evidence, and got them to bring in a verdict of not guilty. To-morrow I leave for America, but make this confession to you in case anybody else should be charged with this murder." He was not heard of again. It is said by some that the real murderer got himself placed on the jury purposely to acquit the man charged with his crime.

ANCIENT STATIONARY.—Many were the expedients resorted to by the early Greek and Roman scribes to obtain writing materials. There was no scribbling paper whereon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts, but pieces of broken pots, crockery, or tiles were constantly used for this purpose. Fragments of ancient tiles thus scribbled on have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than a hundred specimens of these memoranda, which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldier's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. Still quainter were the writing materials of ancient Arabs, who, before the time of Mahommed, used to carve their annals on the shoulder-blades of sheep; those "sheep-bone chronicles" were strung together and thus preserved. After a while, sheep's bones were replaced by sheep's skin, and the manufacture of parchment was brought to such perfection as to place it among the refinements of art. We hear of vellums that were tinted yellow, others white; others were dyed of a rich purple, and the writing thereon was in golden ink, with gold borders and many colored decorations. These precious manuscripts were anointed with the oil of cedar to preserve them from decay.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. STRANG.

Oh, I have sown with lavish hand,
Increasing in the world's wide fields,
And yet the hard and barren land
No rich response of harvest yields.

And I am weary with the pain
Of patient watching, and I fear
My scattered store of golden grain
Will never spring to blade and ear.

And yet who knows? At last, though late,
The kindly rain and sun may bring
To other eyes that watch and wait
Sweet tokens of a blessed spring.

When we who toiled so longer keep
Our mortal watch on fields below,
Glad hearts and joyous hands may reap
The fruit of seed they did not sow.

Oh, weary sister, who hast sown
Thy seed with daily tears and toil,
And dreamest thou no grain has grown,
But died in darkness in the soil;

My sister, still at morning sow,
Nor in the evening stay thy hand;
Thou dost thy Father's work, and, lo!
Hereafter thou shalt understand.

A FATAL DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIS WEDDED WIFE," "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "WE KISSED AGAIN," "ROBIN," "BUNCHIE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

WITHOUT another look at the motionless figure by the fire, she left the room, and went swiftly along the gallery to her own apartment, where, locking the door securely upon herself, she sank down on a couch, her arms flung out before her, her head bowed upon them, motionless as if stricken by death itself, but consumed by the horror of the blow which had fallen upon her.

In the intense self-absorption of her anguish she remembered nothing else—nothing but the one great horror which seemed to enshroud her.

She had no memory for aught but the husband whom she loved.

Aye, although he had never loved her, she loved him with all the strength of her womanhood, all the passion of her nature, with a love which even the accusation against him had no power to shake.

How long she lay there she did not know.

She had no knowledge of passing time in her misery—moments were as hours, hours as minutes, disregarded, unheeded, as she lay there motionless.

At first an utter incredulity had seized her—it was a false wild notion born of misery in Frank's brain.

But very soon this disbelief died away in her troubled mind, and doubt came with its attendant horrors.

She remembered that it was true that Stephen had left the hotel with Mrs. Rutledge.

Had she herself not seen them go together?

Had he not come to her, Sidney, in mistake on the dimly-lighted landing, and desired her imperatively to go with him, saying that the carriage was waiting?

Had she, Sidney, not seen the meeting between them in the little sitting-room?

Had she not seen Sibyl Rutledge run up to him and cling to him with both hands clasped upon his arm, uttering a little cry of joy and relief as she did so?—and then they had gone away together, and a long time had elapsed before Stephen had returned to the ball-room.

She rose from the bed, and began pacing up and down the room like a caged animal infuriate either with wounds or confinement struggling desperately against the horror which had seized her, fighting against her doubts, one moment passionately asserting her belief in Stephen's complete innocence the next heart-broken and crushed with the thought of his guilt—now telling herself that he was incapable of such a deed, the next almost fainting with horror at the thought that he, her husband, had committed not only the murder, but had been cowardly enough to screen himself from its punishment by allowing an innocent man to suffer for his crime.

She did not think of undressing, of the lateness of the hour, of the chance that Stephen might find her in such a condition on his return from Lambswold.

She had forgotten Frank Greville and his sorrowful night-journey.

She had no thought for his unhappy sister, no recollection for aught but her husband and the crime of which he was accused.

Suddenly another recollection came to her.

What had she done? What had she done?

She, his wife, had put the detectives upon Stephen Daunt's track!

The note she had received from Hopgood surely meant that he had discovered something!

What was it? Had he found out that Stephen had left the ball-room with Sibyl Rutledge, and——

Oh, great Heaven, what had she done?

Pushing back her hair from her forehead with a passionate force, she tried to recall the incidents of the interview with the detective, and the questions he had asked her.

She was almost too bewildered to do so with any coherence.

Still she remembered vaguely that he had asked her several questions relating to her husband and his annoyance at Miss Neil's marriage, and a dull stupor of misery fell upon her as she thought that, if Stephen should be accused of the murder, it would be through her—through his wife!

"Oh, great Heaven, what a horrible thought that a wife should betray her husband!"

She must go away, she thought very wildly.

She could not remain there under his roof, meeting his kind sorrowful eyes, listening to the voice which was the sweetest sound in the world to her, and accepting his kindness, when at any moment it might come—the shame, the disgrace, and the ruin!

She must go away and hide herself, and perhaps Heaven would be merciful and let her die soon.

She was young and strong truly; but young and strong people die sometimes—nay, often.

And surely such misery would kill her ere very long.

With a slow numbed movement she crept to her bed and sank down upon the pillows faint and exhausted.

The night-hours wore on.

She heard dimly, as if the sounds were in the distance and not close at hand, the return of her husband and his friend from Lambswold.

She shuddered through all her frame as Stephen's cheerful tones fell upon her ear.

Then all was quiet in the house and in the room where Sidney Daunt lay in her anguish.

And so, half in swoon, half in stupor, she passed the night, and a new day dawned, and the morning came.

CHAPTER XV.

THE young mistress of Easthorpe did not put in an appearance at breakfast on the morning after Lady Eva's fancy-ball, and Stephen and his friend took the meal alone together.

It was a very silent one, for Stephen was absent and grave and depressed, and Lloyd Milner seemed preoccupied and self-absorbed.

There was a light in his eyes, a nervous eagerness about his manner, which were very unusual in the calm self-contained young barrister.

He was leaving Easthorpe that day to return to London.

Before going, he had determined to put his fate to the touch "and win or lose it all."

He knew that there was a certain amount of presumption in the thought of aspiring to the hand of John Daunt's only daughter, a girl to whom an Earl was paying his addresses, and who had been accustomed from her babyhood to every luxury that wealth could give.

Lloyd Milner's own private means were very small.

He was in a large degree dependent on his profession, one in which a large amount of work must be done, and to which many years of toil must be devoted, before fame or fortune can be attained.

Therefore, beside Lord de la Poer, he had but little to offer the lady of his love, little in a pecuniary sense, of course.

He had laid at her feet a true and loyal heart, a love which would never fail her, a devotion without limit.

He had meant to keep the secret of his love to himself for some time to come—at least until his position was more secured, his income larger.

But Dolly had looked so distractingly pretty on the previous evening in her dainty costume of paysanne coquette that he had cast prudence to the winds, and, urged not only by his love, but his jealous anger at the Earl's marked attentions, he had told Dolly that he loved her, and had read in her sweet shy loving eyes the assurance that his love was returned.

It behooved him as an honorable man to see her father without delay, and he was to drive over to Lambswold in the course of the morning, ostensibly for the purpose of saying farewell, really to lay his case before Mr. Daunt.

He had said nothing to Stephen, seeing that he had troubles of his own which took all his attention.

He felt that he should be glad to have Sidney on his side, knowing that she was a great favorite with her father-in-law, who rarely refused her anything for which she pleaded earnestly.

He was not however quite confident as to the result of his application to Sidney, whose manner had been strangely variable towards him during the latter part of his visit.

Always courteous, it was not in her nature to be aught else to a guest in her own house.

She had been sometimes so coldly polite that he could not ignore her mistrust, at others she had been timidly cordial, as if anxious to conciliate him.

She never lost her constraint of manner altogether—the remembrance of the interview in the dining-room always stood between them.

Angry as he had been at the deceit she was practicing, his pity for Stephen Daunt's young wife was very great.

He could see how unhappy she was, that she was wretched to the verge of recklessness, that the unhappy division between herself and her husband widened every day and that Stephen's unhappiness was scarcely less than her own.

It was far too delicate a subject for any interference.

Even such an old friend as he was could not touch upon the matter, and he could only hope that something would happen to lift the cloud from their lives and bring them together again.

"You will not drive in with me this morning, I suppose, Lloyd?" Stephen said rising from the breakfast-table and gathering up his letters.

"Thank you—no. I want to see Mrs. Daunt before I go; and Lady Eva was good enough to ask me to lunch at Lambswold."

"Then I will meet you there," Stephen said, with a little nod of farewell as he left the room.

Milner followed him into the hall, and stood while he was putting on his fur-lined coat and preparing for his cold drive.

It had ceased to snow, and there was a monotonous drip, drip from the trees as the snow melted.

"A nasty day for traveling," Stephen said, buttoning up his coat, a sudden change passing over his grave handsome face at the sound of a soft rustle on the oaken staircase.

Lloyd looking up suddenly, saw Sidney standing there hesitatingly, clad in a short walking-dress of dark seal-brown velvet. She hesitated only a moment; then she came on slowly.

Stephen did not wait to speak to her. He went out on to the steps without a glance at his wife, got into the dog-cart, and drove away.

Almost involuntarily Milner looked at Sidney.

It was impossible that she should become paler than she was before.

He saw her lip quiver a little, and her dark eyes, full of yearning and sorrow, looked after the dog-cart until it was lost to view by a bend in the drive.

Then she turned away; and, recollecting herself, with a little start, she held out her hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Milner," she said, smiling. "Are you very tired after your dissipation?"

"No, not at all," he answered cheerfully. "It was a charming ball, and a brilliant success in every way.

"Universal disappointment was expressed at your absence."

"My friends are very kind," she said carelessly.

"I hope Miss Greville is a great deal better?"

Sidney looked at him for a moment, as if she did not understand, and a faint tinge of color rose in her face.

"I do not know," she said, in a low tone. "I have not seen Bessie this morning yet. Have you made up your mind to leave us to-day?" she added abruptly.

"I am sorry to say that I must go," he answered, with a little sigh.

"Stephen will miss you terribly," she said wistfully. "I should have been glad if you could have stayed with him now."

There was an unconscious emphasis on the last word which made him look at her with closer attention.

To be very pale was no new thing with Sidney.

This morning her face was utterly colorless, her eyes were sunken and hollow, and there were dark tell-tale circles round the lustrous beautiful eyes, while her manner was the strange repressed manner of a woman who was putting an unnatural restraint upon herself.

She looked to Lloyd Milner almost like a dead woman who had suddenly come back to life, and who still retained the pallid hues of the death from which she had come.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Daunt?" he asked hurriedly.

"No," she said quietly, "I am not ill. What makes you ask? Because I am so pale? I am always pale, you know."

"I am afraid you have over-fatigued yourself in your attendance on Miss Greville," he said gently.

"No; I am well," she answered hurriedly. "Mr. Milner, I shall be glad to have a few minutes with you before you go, if you can spare them to me."

"And I was wanting to speak to you," he rejoined, with a slight smile.

"Nay, pray do not be alarmed and look at me so; it is about my own affairs only that I wish to speak."

She looked at him inquiringly for a moment, then led the way to the library. He followed her in silence.

They stood together before the fire for a few minutes without a word.

Lloyd Milner was the first to break the silence.

"Mrs. Daunt," he said earnestly, "I think you have seen how it is with me. Will you help me to attain my heart's desire?

"I know that I am unworthy of the love I crave; but, notwithstanding my unworthiness, it is mine, and she will never win a truer, deeper love than that which I have given her.

"Why are you silent, Mrs. Daunt? Do you you really think that my cause is hopeless?"

"Nay, I hope not indeed," she replied hurriedly, but speaking with an earnestness equal to his own.

"We who love Dolly could wish her no greater, no truer blessing than such a love as that. Why should your cause be hopeless, Mr. Milner?"

"I am a poor man," he answered unsteadily. "Mr. Daunt may have higher views for his daughter."

"What higher views can he have?" she asked, with a faint smile. "You are his son's friend and an honest man."

"But Lord de la Poer is his friend also, and an honest man."

"Then, since you are equal," she began gently.

"Equal, Mrs. Daunt! Think what the Earl can give his wife and what I can offer."

"Dolly can only be happy," she answered gently. "Her father can ask no more for her—nor will he, Mr. Milner; and I think you can make her so, since she loves you so."

"Yes, she loves me," he said, with a tenderness which made Sidney's lip quiver. "And I know I can make her happy. Mrs. Daunt, will you help us?"

"I?" she said in amazement.

"Yes. Will you speak to her father for us? I know you have great influence with him. Will you use it for me?"

"My influence—if indeed I ever possessed any—is gone," she said sadly.

"Nay, it is not indeed. Mr. Daunt was was only disappointed. There was no anger in his sorrow for your absence."

"I did not mean that," she said, smiling very faintly. "You are going to Lambswold now, are you not?" she added abruptly.

"Yes; will you give me my credentials? Will you come with me?" he said very eagerly.

"I cannot," she answered, averting her face for a moment. "But, since you wish it, I will give you a note for Mr. Daunt."

She wrote a few lines, slipped the note into an envelope, and gave it to him unsealed.

"Read it," she said, smiling a little as he took it eagerly.

"Dear Father," Sidney had written, "I want to be the first to congratulate you on Dolly's engagement. I know she will be very happy. Give her all my love and truest, warmest wishes.

"SIDNEY."

"How can I thank you?" he said eagerly, as he replaced the note in its envelope.

"By thinking of me as kindly as you can," she answered, with a sudden startling earnestness, almost passion in the repressed eagerness of her tone.

"I need hardly ask you to continue your true friendship for—for—Stephen"—strive as she might, she could not prevent her voice from trembling as she spoke the beloved name.

"I think nothing could alter that; but—but—I should like to have your assurance that nothing—nothing," she repeated, with almost feverish excitement, "could come between you."

"I hoped you would not have needed such an assurance from me," he replied gravely and earnestly.

"But I will gladly give it to you, Mrs. Daunt—nothing in the world could alter my friendship for Stephen."

"Thank you, thank you," she said almost passionately. "And you will think kindly of me too, will you not?

"And you will not let Dolly grow to dislike me, to hate me perhaps, in the future? I love her so well, and—and—I am glad beyond words that she will be sheltered from all storms in the haven of your love."

"I think Dolly loves you equally well," he answered quietly, wondering a little at her words and the strange tenor of her manner.

"But why do you speak so sadly, Mrs. Daunt? The cloud hovering over your happiness now is but a temporary one, I hope and believe. Can I do anything to help its removal?"

"Nothing," she replied sadly, with a shake of her head—"except keep your promise to me, and be true to Dolly.

"And now I must not keep you. That little sister of mine will be impatient, and I must wish you good speed in your wooing!"

She held out her hands to him with all her old charming grace of manner; and he bent low over them and touched them with his lips.

"Good-bye," she said, smiling. "Give my love to Dolly, and—all good be with you both always!"

When he was gone, Sidney went upstairs to her dressing-room, still calm and composed, without any emotion ruffling her face, which was set and fixed as marble. Bessie was in her dressing-room, waiting for her with a face full of dismay.

"If you please, Miss Sidney"—whenever the old servant was unusually excited, she relapsed into the old mode of addressing her young mistress—"I do not know what to do.

"Miss Greville, who is that weak that she can hardly raise her head from her pillows without assistance, insists upon returning home to-day."

"I think it will be better that she should do so, if it is in any way possible," Sidney answered calmly.

"I am afraid the air here is too keen for her. Make the best arrangement possible; I leave it to you.

"Give your own orders, and accompany Miss Greville home. And now give me my sealskin. I ordered the ponies for eleven, and they are around, I see."

"I am afraid you will take cold driving in the pony-carriage in such weather, ma'am," Bessie said, struck by the unusual gravity of Sidney's manner, and looking at her with questioning eyes.

"Not if I am well wrapped up," answered Sidney carelessly, as she took her muff and gloves.

"Good-bye, Bessie," she said, turning back from the door. "Be kind to Miss Greville.

"But I need not say that to you, for you are always kind," she added, with a little smiling nod as she went out of the room, drawing on her pretty tan-colored gloves.

Any one who had watched Sidney Daunt drive from her own home on that wintry morning would doubtless have seen only a

prosperous and happy young matron possessed of all this world's goods in profusion with nothing in the world to wish for. She lay back in her pretty carriage, letting her groom drive, wrapped in her costly dark furs, a great bearskin rug over her knees, a Maltese lace veil shading her face, but not concealing its loveliness.

Yet, for all her outward seeming, she was a desperate woman, with a desperate purpose in her heart, who envied the poorest cottager's wife who looked out at her and curtseyed as she passed.

Young, rich, and beautiful as she was, how gladly would she have changed lots with the poor, hard-worked, ill-clad, ill-fed woman to have possessed her peace of mind.

When they reached the outskirts of Ashford, she told the man to stop, and alighted from the carriage.

"You need not wait," she said quietly. "I have some business in the town, and shall not need you again."

The groom was too well drilled to show any surprise, however much he felt. He touched his hat and drove away, concluding that his mistress would drive back again with his master on his return home.

Meanwhile Sidney Daunt walked rapidly into the town.

The weather was hardly tempting enough to bring any one out of doors who was not obliged to leave his or her fireside, and she met but few pedestrians; even the few she met in the quieter part of the town, through which her errand took her, glanced at the swiftly-moving graceful figure wrapped in costly furs which seemed so unfamiliar in the muddy, slushy streets.

Sidney heeded it little as she went on swiftly, unhesitatingly, a desperate woman with a desperate purpose at heart.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT one of the windows of the first floor of the Excelsior Hotel a man stood looking out upon the scene before him—not a very interesting one at any time, but now drearier than usual, owing to the slush and mud caused by the melting snow.

The hotel stood in a small square in one of the quieter quarters of the busy little town, a square where a kind of miscellaneous market was held twice a month, where provisions, clothes, boots and shoes, crockery, and various other necessaries of life were sold to the country-folk, who on fine days mustered pretty strongly.

To-day however the market was very dull.

The sellers were cold and cross and sullen, buyers few and far between.

Therefore the little market presented rather a saddening, depressing aspect.

But the keen dark eyes of the man standing at the hotel window did not heed the dulness.

It was the habit of those eyes to note everything with quick yet very quiet attention.

Almost everything possessed some interest for them.

Not that they had any special interest in the market; but they were trained to observation, and could not refrain from taking notes.

In appearance the man was short and quite thin, and dressed in the extreme of fashion.

It did not need the packages of goods placed in one corner of the sitting-room to prove to the landlord and waiters of the Excelsior Hotel that he was a commercial traveler.

His attire and his manner were quite sufficient to betray his occupation; and they had no doubt as to it from the time of his arrival in Ashford on the previous evening.

He had been very familiar also, and free with his money, and was of an inquisitive turn of mind, asking several questions of the pretty, chatty chambermaid as to the neighborhood.

His merchandise was rich, valuable old lace, he said, and only ladies of fortune and fashion would be likely to purchase for him.

Indeed he had an appointment in the morning with a lady who lived in the neighborhood, who had been kind enough to say that she would call at the hotel and inspect his goods.

As he stood at the window in his careless contemplative attitude, he seemed neither hurried nor anxious, and totally indifferent to the passage of time.

There was no expression on his face, save one of good-natured interest in the moody holders of stalls in the market and the rare purchasers of articles for them.

He showed neither special interest nor recognition as a lady came into the square from a small street on the right and walked swiftly towards the hotel.

But something like a gleam of admiration shot into the keen contemplative dark eyes.

But, if the appearance of the lady aroused no surprise in the breast of the man at the hotel window, it caused some excitement among the stall-keepers, for it was a very unusual one in that quiet square.

Closely veiled as she was, there was an elegance and richness in her dress, which was perfectly simple, which could not fail to strike them, and as she walked on rapidly, there was a refinement, a grace in her gait, which would have attracted attention even without the costly sealskin and heavy furs.

The commercial traveler, or rather G. Hopgood, of Scotland Yard—for it was he—turned away from the window, pulled one of his packages from the corner of the room, and was busily unstrapping it upon the table when the chambermaid opened the door and announced:

"A lady to see you, sir."

And Sidney Daunt, closely veiled, entered.

Mr. Hopgood bowed low, desisting immediately from his occupation, and his visitor inclined her head slightly; then, as the door closed upon the chambermaid, she came forward slowly to the table and threw up her veil.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Hopgood?" she said, quietly.

"Yes, madam," he answered, "I have some exquisite specimens of old lace which I shall be happy to show to you."

He spoke in rather a raised tone, and, walking softly across the room, he slipped the bolt of the door, and quietly returned to the table.

"It is always best to be on the safe side," he said, in a low tone, noticing Sidney's glance of surprise. "One never can be quite sure that even doors have not ears and eyes."

"True," she returned.

Glancing at her furtively, as he toyed with the straps fastening the goods that he professed to wish to sell, the change in her appearance struck him almost with as much sorrow and surprise as it had Lloyd Milner.

Even her swift walk through the cold air had not brought any color to the thin face, any light to the dim eyes, while her manner was characterized by the same composure and entire want of emotion which had struck Lloyd Milner an hour or so previously.

"Have you any special news to give me?" she asked in a low, measured tone, refusing by a gesture the chair that he placed for her, and not raising her eyes to his as she stood by the table, resting her little, gloved hand upon it. "That is a superfluous question, after all, since you would not have asked me to meet you here had you not something to communicate."

"You are right, madam," he answered, with some significance in his voice, quiet as it was. "I should not have troubled you had I not wished to see you. I thought," he added, "that you would rather come here than that I should wait upon you at Easthorpe."

"It did not much matter," she said, somewhat wearily. "I preferred coming this morning, however. Have you—have you discovered anything?" she added, leaning heavily against the table as she asked the question.

"What do you wish me to say, madam?" he asked abruptly, looking at her keenly. "Do you wish me to tell you what I have discovered, or do you not?"

At the unexpected interrogatory she looked at him suddenly, with great questioning eyes full of surprise and fear.

Had it not been impossible for her to grow paler than she already was, he would have thought that the colorless cheek had yet taken a more ashen hue. As it was, he hurriedly pushed a chair towards her.

She did not take it, but stood facing him, her eyes fixed upon his impassive face; and there was silence between them for some minutes.

The detective, with some pity and compassion now upon his quiet face, was the first to break it.

"Mrs. Daunt," he said, gravely, "when I had the honor of my first interview with you, the clearing up of the mystery which surrounds the murder of Mr. Rutledge was a matter very near your heart. It may be that since that time circumstances have arisen which have altered your wishes. Pray sit down," he added hastily, seeing that for a moment she swayed backwards as if about to fall; but she recovered herself immediately.

"No, no," she said, hurriedly; "I am not ill; but I do not quite understand," she went on, trying to brave it out, although her dread was so great that she could hardly speak the words.

"Are you sure you do not understand me, Mrs. Daunt?" he asked, seeing, notwithstanding all her efforts, the agony of dread she was suffering, and pitying her as he had rarely pitied any one in his self-contained, eventful life.

There was no answer.

"It seemed to me during that first interview," he went on quietly, not looking at her now, but speaking with his eyes fixed upon the table, "that you wished to obtain evidence of Mr. Frank Greville's innocence at any cost; and since then I have been devoting what little skill and experience I possess to that end."

"And have you succeeded?" she whispered.

"I have."

His voice was quiet, very calm, very significant; but he did not look at her as he spoke, or he would have seen how swiftly the little gloved hand went to her bosom as she sank down upon the chair she had hitherto rejected, looking at him with wild, terrified eyes.

All her terror was confirmed now. This man had detected her husband's guilt; he had found out the fact of his absence from the ball-room with Sibyl Rutledge; he had discovered—how she could not guess—that he had been in the avenue that night.

He would arrest him, perhaps, and it would be her fault, through her means! Oh, merciful Heaven, have pity, and let her die before that came to pass!

Her only hope now was to show the detective her entire belief in Stephen's innocence, and try to prove to him that he was on a false scent.

She must not let him think for a moment that she suspected her husband. She must hide it from him, and tell him that she did not wish the inquiry pursued, because she had changed her mind; she no longer wished to prove Frank's innocence—he had wished her to give up the attempt.

"I am quite sure that you have been very skilful and careful," she said, in a low, calm voice, but in a tone so strangely hollow that he almost started as it fell upon his ear; "but since I saw you my interest in the matter has—has faded.

"I think it would be a pity to re-open the matter. Mr. Greville and his daughter have suffered greatly; but the sting of their suffering has subsided, and it would only re-open wounds which I—I believe are partly healed."

Partly healed!

Remembering Chrissie's passionate sorrow, her despairing cry, "I cannot die happy unless his innocence is proved"—Sidney hated herself for the falsehood; but she would have ventured even more in her desperate, hopeless wish to show this man that he was mistaken—that Stephen was not guilty.

"The wounds will hardly be healed until the cause of them is removed," he said, gravely.

"But—but Frank Greville himself wishes that no more be done about it," she said, hurriedly.

"How can you tell that, madam?" he asked, quickly.

"Because I have seen," she began promptly, but faltered and paused, the words dying away on her white lips as she saw what she was admitting.

"It will hardly be safe for Mr. Frank Greville to remain any time in this neighborhood," he said, gravely, "whatever disguises he may have assumed, or shall assume, until, of course, the guilt of another is proved."

The room, with its somewhat dingy hangings of crimson damask, its worn carpet, and hard mahogany chairs, whirled round and round before Sidney's failing eyes, and the detective's voice sounded strangely muffled and distant in her ears.

But she did not faint; her nerves seemed strung up to their highest tension. Her one desire was to induce her companion to give up the search.

"Mr. Hopgood," she said, faintly, "I have undertaken a task which is beyond my strength. I thought I should like to prove the innocence of an old friend; but I find the task too hard, even with your assistance."

"Am I to understand that you wish me to discontinue the inquiry, madam?" he asked, gravely.

"If you please," she answered, in a voice so low that he could scarcely understand her.

"And to make no use of the information I have acquired?"

"Yes."

She was merely whispering now.

"And you expect me to comply with your wish, and let an innocent man bear the stain of a crime of which he is innocent?" he said, quietly.

Sidney looked up suddenly, unable at that moment to conceal her intense terror and dread; and she needed no second look to show her that he knew all—there was so much pity and compassion on his face as it was turned towards her.

"You are mistaken," she said, passionately, turning now, like a lioness at bay, in defence of her husband—"you are mistaken in your suspicions! I know the proofs are against him, but—"

"Against whom?" he asked.

"Against the person you suspect," she said, wildly, clasping her hands, "but he is innocent—quite innocent! Have you no pity?" she added, leaning forward on the table and looking at him with entreating eyes. "He is innocent; and yet, should he be accused, it will be through me—me—his—"

"Mrs. Daunt"—he interrupted her quickly, raising his hand impressively to impose silence—"you ask me if I have no pity. I tell you that in all my experience I have never felt truer pity than I feel now. But there is no need for your distress. You have no need for my services now, therefore I have no more to do with the matter. My interest in it ceases from this moment. No harm has been done, I think; I have told you nothing.

"What you have guessed, what you suspect, is no concern of mine. You may be sure of one thing—that, unless you ask my aid again, I will take no further steps in the matter; nor will I make use of the information I have obtained."

"You will not?" she faltered, overpowered by the sudden revulsion of feeling, and looking at him with wild, startled eyes. "You— Oh, Heaven bless your compassion!

"Oh, sir, if you knew how I have suffered since that horrible suspicion came into my mind, if you knew what the past night has been, you would know in some degree what my gratitude is!

"I have been wretched—at least, I thought I was wretched—many times, but I never knew what real misery was until then. Ah, it is horrible," she broke out—"horrible to think of all the evil she wrought just to gratify a whim or a foolish ambition, which, having gratified, she found would not satisfy her!

"Heaven only knows the ruined lives which may be laid to her charge, the unhappiness, the anguish! Mr. Hopgood"—speaking with forced calmness almost as painful to witness as her passionate pain—"in your inquiries you found no clue to her whereabouts?"

There was an intense repressed eagerness under her calmness, which the detective perceived; and he was too acute and keen an observer not to guess at its cause.

He thought what a strange being a woman was, since she could more easily forgive a man she loved for having murdered another man than for having betrayed her for another woman.

"No," he said, gravely, "I found no clue to her whereabouts; and in my opinion, Mrs. Daunt, that is one of the strangest features in the case. Neither of the two persons whom I suspected," he added, turning his eyes from her eager face, "has any present communication with her; of that I am satisfied."

"Thank you," she murmured faintly.

And there was a short silence in the dingy hotel sitting-room, during which Sidney struggled to gain command over herself. When she arose from her seat she had resumed the marble composure which he had noticed on her entrance.

"You have no more to say to me?" she continued; "then I need detain you no longer. May I ask how much—besides thanks—ah, many and heartfelt thanks—I am indebted to you, Mr. Hopgood?"

"You owe me nothing," he answered, smiling—"nothing. The cheque you sent has more than repaid me, Mrs. Daunt. It is I who am indebted to you."

"Thank you," she repeated.

And in a strange, mechanical way, like that of a person moving in a dream, she moved towards the door. Then she paused and looked around in a puzzled, bewildered sort of way, as if she knew that she had forgotten something.

"There is something," she said, in a strange husky voice, "but I cannot remember what—unless—yes—I have not said good-morning."

Something in her face and manner touched the detective, and made his bow very respectful; and there was a strange, unwonted dimness in the keen dark eyes as they watched her go, which had rarely visited them during their thirty years of keen observation of the follies, foibles and crimes of humanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANWHILE Lloyd Milner, his heart—usually as well regulated an organ as a barrister's need be—throbbing fast with love and hope, was traveling as swiftly as Stephen's gray mare could carry him over the road from Easthorpe to Lambswold.

The painful impression which his interview with Sidney had made upon him faded as he had left her.

He was too absorbed in the pleasure of love's young dream, and in his anxiety as to Mr. Daunt's reception of his suit, to remember the strangeness of her manner and her earnest broken words.

As he turned into the avenue of Lambswold, his courage failed him somewhat, looking at the stately spreading park, so well kept, so richly timbered, with its quaint pretty lodges and broad sweeping drive.

When the beautiful stately old house itself came into view so grave and majestic and grand, his hopes faded even more. How could a girl accustomed to the lofty stately rooms of Lambswold, to every luxury that the most ambitious could desire, give up such advantages to become the wife of a man who had his foot only on the first rung of the ladder of fortune and fame, and who could give her none of these things?

And, even if she, knowing so little of life were heedless of luxury and wealth, and willing, in her ignorance, to give them up for him, would her father let her do so? Ah, no, no—surely not! It was madness and presumption!

And, even if, to suppose an impossibility her father were willing to give his consent, to allow his daughter to marry a poor man for the reason that she loved him and he loved her, would it be wise to accept such a sacrifice?

Would it not bring with it a punishment in Dolly's discontent at her narrower surroundings?

Would it not be terrible to him to see her unhappy and ill at ease and dissatisfied in her humbler home, to see her beauty fade and her sweet bright disposition alter in her new life?

Thinking thus, he reached Lambswold in a very despondent and depressed state of mind.

All Sidney's cheerful prophecies were merged in his own dismal forebodings as he entered the stately hall where every evidence of wealth served only to embitter his reflections and to make him feel more hopeless as to the result of his suit.

Mr. Daunt was at home, a servant told him.

He was in the library; and Lloyd was preparing to join him there, feeling that he ought not to see Dolly until he had received her father's verdict, when a slender little figure clad in black velvet, the broad square linen collar edged with embroidery round the throat adding considerably to the picturesque quaintness of its appearance, came lightly and swiftly down the wide oaken staircase.

At sight of it all Lloyd Milner's resolves and forebodings melted into thin air; and he went forward eagerly to meet Dolly with a love-light in his gray eyes and a bright smile which were certainly not in accordance with the dismal view he had been taking of his love-affair since he had turned his horse's head towards Lambswold.

Nothing lovelier than little Dolly, with her shy smiles and shyer blushes, could have been imagined—certainly the young barrister had never seen any one half so lovely.

"I will take Mr. Milner to papa," she said to the servant, who bowed and disappeared; and then Dolly looked up expectantly into her lover's admiring but disturbed countenance.

"What is the matter?" she asked coquettishly. "You do not look very pleased to see me.

"There is nothing wrong at Easthorpe, is there?" she asked eagerly, her voice changing in quick anxiety. "Sidney is not ill?"

"No—at least I think not," he answered, in some embarrassment. "I saw her this morning, and she said she was not ill; but she looks very pale and delicate. Dolly, she sent her love and spoke so kindly—nay, I dare hardly tell you all she said."

"Why not?" Dolly said shyly.

They were standing by the great hall fire now, and he was looking tenderly and sadly down at the pretty picturesque little figure in black velvet.

"Because I feel that I have not acted as an honest and honorable man should," he answered gravely.

"Dolly, when I spoke to you last night, I forgot the great difference in our positions—I forgot that I was a poor——"

"You have forgotten something indeed this morning," she said reproachfully.

"You have forgotten that you said you loved me, and that I—I love you, and ——"

"I shall never forget that," he answered softly—"never! If I live to be an old man, I shall always remember those words until my dying day, and they will always give me the same great pleasure, the same intense happiness.

"Dolly, if my love for you were less than it is, I should not be so fearful of your father's reception of my suit. As it is, I am ——"

"Very foolish," Dolly put in gravely and reprovingly.

"Come into the library now, and you will see that papa is not such a terrible personage."

"Mrs. Daunt gave me a note for him," Lloyd said, as they crossed the hall together; "and, Dolly, I think it would be well if you could go and see her to-day.

"She seems very much depressed and out of spirits."

"I will go this afternoon," Dolly answered as she opened the library door.

They entered the stately old room together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Come, Sweetheart!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FOR LIFE AND LOVE," "PRINCESS CHARMIAN," "SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

NO other dress could have shown to better advantage the broad shoulders, the deep chest, the muscular arms, the lazy grace of movement born of conscious power, the fair tanned complexion, the crisp glittering hair.

Miss Sandys has always declared that she does not care how plain a man may be if he looks like a gentleman.

This young Greek seems so unconscious of his good looks that she cannot help admiring him, and all the more perhaps because he has been in her society without showing by word or glance that he admires her.

The boat is floating now upon the shallow water, close to the shore.

There is no landing-stage of any description.

It being low water, there is a convenient little creek, by which she is enabled to step upon terra firma with help of the fisherman's brown arm.

"I am so very much obliged to you," she says, holding out her hand to him as she stands on the little bank of sand.

"And I am glad I was able to help you out of your difficulty," he answers, standing up in the boat, bareheaded, a heroic figure against the background of bright light water.

"Not that there was any real difficulty, since you were able to get down before without any help."

"It was very real to me"—she shudders at the recollection. "Good-bye. Perhaps I shall see you again."

She says it in her royal negligent way; but, to her surprise, he does not say "I hope so"—he does not say anything at all.

She turns away, picking her steps over the wet sands and the brown sea-weed, whose pods crack under her feet, and the slimy slippery green sea-weed, to the ridge of pebbles above, and the dry sandy village street.

Here she glances back to see her friend pulling leisurely to a little bay lower down where some fishing-boats are drawn up, and where a group of fishermen, with half a dozen children watching them, are boiling pitch over a fire among the rocks.

"I shall find out all about him from Gwen to-morrow."

She consoles herself with this reflection as she climbs the hill between the double row of thatched cottages, where the children and the pigs are basking in the sunshine, apparently enjoying the fishy odors and strong briny air of the shore.

One cabin has "Post-Office" in white letters on a black board which fills up half the window, another has the legend "Patk. Fury Licensed to sell Tea, Tobacco, and Snuff," over the door, another "Margaret Toohey, lodging and Entertainment for man and Beast."

One window of four panes in a cabin near the end of the village contains a miscellaneous assortment of clay pipes, oranges, matchboxes, a china dog highly colored, five or six eggs, a ball of twine, and a glass jar of bull's eyes, and, as Miss Sandys is fond of bull's eyes, and also feels in a manner bound to encourage native enterprise she enters the little shop, to the awed amazement of the inhabitants, who have turned out en masse to view the stranger, and purchase the contents of the glass jar.

CHAPTER II.

THE Mourne plantations begin just above the village, dense woods of larch and Scotch fir and stunted oak clothing the side of a hill so steep that none but an Irish coachman could attempt to take a vehicle of any description up or down the avenue. The Castle stands about half-way between the road and the bare heathery shoulder of the mountain, a square gray keep or fortress, clothed with ivy so old that it has bushed out in several places into a mantle which must be at least three or four feet thick.

The building, which is indeed a ruin, is imposing by reason of its simple massive structure, and stands on a shelf or kind of level plateau of green turf overlooking one wooded precipice and having another towering behind it.

The rough ancient masonry is gray and weather-beaten, and lichen-gilded like a rock wherever the ivy does not hide it, with loop-holes here and there, but neither door nor window, the walls rising sheer from the green turf to the toppling battlements, which are surmounted by an ancient flagstaff very much out of the perpendicular. A quaint old-fashioned cottage nestles under the wing of the Castle, also gray and ivy-muffled, and to the left overgrown hedges of elder and privet enclose a neglected garden.

But the woods are green, the sunshine sleeps on the ragged lawn, yellow with nodding daffodils, the pungent odor of the young larch-shoots is in the air, the noise of a mountain torrent foaming down somewhere among the trees, only adds to the dreamy quiet.

As Miss Sandys pushes in the half-open front door, she fancies it might be the castle of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood, there is so little sign of life about the place.

"I have had an adventure, mother."

Mrs. Sandys looks round from the writing-table in the window.

She is a very handsome woman, and she is very handsomely dressed in black silk, with a Marie Stuart cap of lace on her soft gray hair.

"An adventure, Rosalind!"

"If you will ring for tea, I will try to summon up energy enough to tell you. But, mother, where is this Meadowsweet Farm?

"I have been down to the shore and back again, and can find no trace of it."

"My dear, it does not lie between this and the shore!"

"Somebody said these Fetherstones were at our gates.

"But it seems to me we might not have troubled ourselves. It is quite possible to go in and out without coming face to face with any of them."

"It would be rather a nuisance if it were not possible, Rosalind."

"It would, rather. Mother, I am getting quite fond of my old Castle!"

"It is very picturesque. But I think you will soon grown tired of this kind of thing, daughter."

"Well, I don't," Rosalind smiles, stretching her arms over her head, as she rests in a little low old-fashioned chair in the window.

She is looking round the room, with its faded carpet and quaint spindle-legged furniture, at the pictures in their heavy tarnished frames.

"I wish I was rich enough to furnish this house as I should like to furnish it. It seems so odd to own half a mountain, and yet be too poor to buy new carpets, or even to have the doors and windows painted; doesn't it?"

"My dear, a few hundred acres of poor hungry pasture-land, and as many more of oak-scrub don't yield much money now-a-days in Ireland."

"No; and I don't think uncle Fetherstone went in for improving his property; did he?"

"Your uncle Fetherstone was a most eccentric person.

"They tell me he did not put his foot outside the door for the last thirty years."

"I don't care for anything I have heard about that old man."

"My dear Rosalind, you at least have every reason to feel grateful to him."

"My dear mother, he did not leave Mourne Castle to me out of any regard for myself personally. He left it to me for spite."

"He left it to you because you were his niece, the daughter of his youngest brother."

"Whereas he should have left it to the children of his eldest brother."

"But his eldest brother had offended him my dear?"

"His eldest brother had a perfect right to marry whom he pleased."

"Your uncle Cæsar did not dispute that right. He only said that, if your uncle Tom persisted in marrying the—the person he had chosen, he would leave Mourne away from, and he did so."

And if my uncle Cæsar were alive now, and told me he would leave Mourne away from me if I persisted in marrying such and such a person, what do you think I should say?"

"Something very impertinent, I am afraid."

"I daresay he would have thought it impertinent. But I deny the right of my brother or uncle to dictate to one in such a matter as that.

"And I daresay his brother spent the happiest life, notwithstanding his delinquencies!"

"I don't know," Mrs. Sandys says, playing with her paper-knife. "But I think your uncle was quite justified in what he did.

"His brother made a very low marriage—a woman who had been cook here—it was not very pleasant to think of one's sister-in-law's relatives living as grooms and kitchen-maids in the neighboring families.

"Your uncle was very eccentric, but he was very proud.

"And he was very much attched to his brother—they had always lived together here at Mourne, and Tom was quite an elderly man at the time, which made his folly less excusable.

"From the day of his marriage till the day of his death, your uncle Cæsar never spoke to him, never took any notice of his children.

"When a man marries beneath him he invariably sinks to the level of his wife's family.

"Tom Fetherstone's children may be very respectable and all that, but they will never be in society."

"Was the girl very pretty?" Rosalind asks, looking at the picture of her uncle Cæsar over the fire-place—a grim old man in a coat with a very high collar and stiff white cravat.

"More buxom than pretty. I believe—the kind of girl who would degenerate into a coarse red-faced woman."

"It is so odd to have cousins whom one has never seen, isn't it?"

"My dear Rosalind, we don't call them cousins. They are quite common farming-people."

"I wonder if they hate me for having been left this place?"

"My dear, except for the name of the thing, it would be no great acquisition to them. I hear that they are very well off.

"At your grandfather's death Cæsar came in for Mourne Castle—or it was left to him as the eldest son.

"Tom got Meadowsweet Farm, which he afterwards improved into a very valuable property.

"The two brothers were unlike each other in everything, I have heard your father say—Cæsar, tall and thin and taciturn and fond of books, Tom stout and florid, always in a good humor, and a first-rate man of business.

"But they were both very handsome, though neither so handsome as your poor father.

"When I first met him, he was the handsomest man in his regiment."

"Mother, should you mind spending the rest of your life here at Mourne?"

"My dear, what a question! One might as well be buried alive!"

"I shouldn't," Rosalind says dreamily. "I should like to live and die here, in my Castle by the sea.

"'Hast thou seen that lordly castle—
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.'"

"I wonder what Vere would say if he could hear you!"

"Oh, Vere is in Norway—at least, I suppose he is Norway by this time, unless the Pilgrim has met with some serious disaster at sea.

"Do you remember how he tried to frighten me, mother, telling me I should wake up in the dead of the night to find my room full of men with their faces blacked and armed with pothooks and hangers and all kinds of uncouth instruments, and how materially such visitations would injure my digestion of the potatoes and buttermilk which he supposed would be the nectar and ambrosia of my Irish paradise!"

Rosalind laughs at the recollection, with a little softening also of the serene blue eyes.

"Dear old Vere! I wonder how long it will before I can get a letter from him?"

"I told you how you would miss him, Rosalind, if you persisted in sending him away and coming to this outlandish old place."

"My dear mother, I don't miss him—at least, I don't want him here now, if that is what you mean.

"But I like to think about him, you know—lovers like Vere always seem nicer at a distance."

"I don't quite know what you mean by that, Rosalind."

"I wonder," Miss Sandys says, leaning her head back against her folded hands, "if Vere could ever have persuaded me to say yes if it had not been for that week of wet weather which kept us cooped up together in General Macleod's shooting box at Kinlochie."

"My dear, what an extraordinary thing to say!"

"I think the Scotch mists must have had some very softening influence, don't you know."

"But you have not repented since?" her mother asks almost seriously.

"Oh, no, I have not repented! Vere is the only man for whom I ever cared an iota.

"But I often wonder why I cared for him—at first."

"Because he cared for you, probably."

"Perhaps. They say, if we could tell why we liked a person, we should not like them so well."

"Why do you always say like, instead of love, Rosalind?"

"Love!" Miss Sandys repeats; and her "smile is cold and fine," as she looks at the wooded slope outside the window. "Gwen repeats a very pertinent verse on the subject—I wonder if I can remember it?

"'In the matter of love,' as the old proverb ran
'You begin when you like and leave off when you can.'
But the modern version, the balance to strike,
Is 'Begin when you can and leave off when you like.'"

"I do not quite see the sense of it," Mrs. Sandys observes, carelessly turning over the pile of envelopes she has just addressed in a clear bold hand.

"I wonder if there is really any such thing?" says Rosalind, with her doubtful smile.

"Vere loves you, Rosalind."

Miss Sandys laughs.

"Oh, my dear mother, it is not every man or woman who is capable of the kind of thing I mean; and I don't suppose they are the happiest people who are capable of it! I, for one, should not care to be lifted up into Paradise one moment and cast down to Hades the next.

"I am quite content to live and die in ignorance of such an uncomfortable state of existence."

"My dear, there is no such thing as that kind of love in real life."

"Isn't there? I thought it was inseparable from what the French call 'la grande passion.'"

"Only in novels, or on the stage."—"I am glad to hear it."

"You are in one of your sceptical moods to-day, Rosalind."

"I am always sceptical where that absurd thing called 'love' is in question."

"That terrible thing, some high-flown people call it."

"Terrible," the girl repeats slowly—"terrible! I wonder if it is terrible? 'Strong as death,' I have heard people call it—'cruel as the grave.' I don't believe it. Mother, do you?"

"You are talking nonsense, my dear."

Mrs. Sandys smiles at the half-troubled, half-dreamy upturned face.

Rosalind is looking at the sky over the bosky tops of the trees.

The light from the window falls upon her calm forehead and sweet mouth and pretty determined chin.

"Mother, these Irish servants don't seem to understand the mysteries of afternoon tea!"

"Here it comes; and here are Hetty and Gwen!"

"Hetty! I have not seen Hetty for five years."

Miss Sandys runs out to meet them. Mrs. Arthur Brabazon is very dark, and bears traces of her five years' residence in India in her complexion, which is as yellow as the daffodils in the bowl on the table.

Gwen is her sister, a pretty brown-eyed girl with spectacles; both are Rosalind's cousins, on her mother's side.

They are staying at Monkswood with old Sir Hercules and Lady Brabazon, relatives of Hetty's husband—Art is, in fact, heir presumptive to both the place and title.

"And so you are engaged, Rosalind!" Hetty says, after a good deal of talk about Mourne and the neighborhood and Monkswood and old Lady Brabazon's idiosyncrasies.

Hetty has carried her cousin into a distant window, where she stands confronting her, looking up into candid smiling bright eyes.

"Yes," Rosalind answers simply, "I am engaged."

"You are a lucky girl!"

"So everybody tells me."

"Your mother is enchanted," Gwen says.

"Mother is very glad. She always liked Vere."

"And I hear he is very nice, and has a splendid old place in Northumberland, and eleven or twelve thousand a year."

"That is all quite true."

"And the wedding is to be in September?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you are intensely happy and all that?"—looking at her very narrowly.

"That goes without saying, doesn't it?"—laughing slightly.

"What did he say to your coming off here without him?"

"I really do not know," Miss Sandys answers, throwing up her flaxen head.

"You are right to insist from the first upon having your own way," Mrs. Brabazon sighs profoundly.

"I wish I had begun with Art like that. But what sense can one expect to have at sixteen!"

"As Arthur Brabazon is known to the most hen-pecked, as well as the handsomest man in his regiment," Rosalind laughs; but retribution follows swiftly on her mirth.

"It is time you thought of getting married, Rosalind. It was only yesterday that somebody reminded me you had come out before I went to India. And that seems an age ago, doesn't it?"

"I shall be five-and-twenty in June," Miss Sandys answers, in her negligent way. "Do I begin to look old, Hetty?"

"Oh, no, it's not that! I am sure I often wish I had not married until I had sense, even at the risk of being called an old maid."

"You would have married Art all the same, my dear, if you had waited till you were thirty!"

"I don't know. Art can be very amusing when he likes; but he does not care to waste his talents on his wife.

"You don't know how I have been dreading this summer in Ireland, Art away fishing all day and Gwen and I alone with his old father and mother!

"But now that you and aunt Honoria are

here it will be different. I shouldn't be surprised if we managed to have some fun. Are you coming over to church to-morrow?"

"We have no horse yet. I might take the donkey, certainly, sitting on the shaft and belaboring him with a black-thorn cudgel, as old Mrs. Organ, the cook, does when she drives down to the village——"

"Why, if you come over the hill, it is only twenty minutes' walk from this to the house—we came that way to-day—right over the hill at the back of the house—there's a path the whole way; and the church is just outside our gates."

"Then I shall certainly come," Rosalind laughs.

She does not tell them anything about her adventure on the cliff.

Neither does she tell her mother, after they have gone away.

She had been on the point of telling it; but then she fancied it might frighten her mother to know she had been in such danger, and now that it is all over, there is no use in frightening her about it.

She is very curious to know who her prince of Thule may be.

She will certainly hear all about him soon enough without putting the whole world in possession of her secret.

She is more than half ashamed of her cowardice already, and Hetty would be sure to tease her about her knight-errant, and Rosalind hates that kind of banter with a great hatred.

Nevertheless she thinks about him a good deal, wondering where he lives, what his name may be, when she shall see him again.

She also thinks of these unknown cousins of hers, and their farm in the middle of the bog.

Miss Sandys has a good deal of mother's pride of race, and, though she had found fault with her uncle Fetherstone for ignoring his brother's family, she would have done exactly the same thing herself in the same circumstances.

It is a nuisance to have these people so near Mourne.

If Lord Rushout comes round in his yacht, as he intends to do, he must hear about them.

Mrs. Sandys had forbidden Rosalind to mention the subject to him up to this; but, if he comes to Ireland, they may as well tell him the whole story, for, if they do not, somebody else will—men who plough and women who feed the pigs; and, at their very hates, as it were, though they have not had the misfortune to encounter any of them.

If they were Miss Sandys's first cousin twenty times over, she would never dream of acknowledging them.

Plenty of people have cousins they never acknowledge, and certainly Miss Sandys of Mourne could not be expected to claim relationship with a common country-girl whom she might meet with a milking-stool under her arm, or a young man in a frieze coat riding a plough-horse, with a clay pipe in his mouth.

* * * * * *

"I suppose a bonnet will be de rigueur?" Miss Sandys remarks, after breakfast, on Sunday morning.

"I should think a hat would do, if you prefer to wear a hat," her mother answers, occupied with the newspaper and a half-dozen letters.

"I look better in a bonnet," Rosalind admits musingly; "but then to walk across the fields in a bonnet——"

"You have decided to go across the fields?"

"My dear mother, I should be smothered with dust on the road."

"Suppose you encounter half a dozen five-barred gates, or find yourself obliged to squeeze through gaps in the thorn hedges——"

"Oh, if it was so bad as that, Hetty would have told me! I am more afraid of meeting wicked cows, or perhaps finding myself in the middle of a big field with a mad bull near the gate I want to go through; but, when one lives in the country, one must make up one's mind to run the gauntlet of strange cattle, or else to stay at home."

Half an hour later Miss Sandys is struggling wildly through a dry ditch lined with furze bushes, with a marshy meadow above her on the slope of the hill and a fir wood below.

"There," she cries despairingly—"there goes the last of my pull-backs, and half my second kilting is wound round this horrible thorn-stump!"

Stooping to release the skirt of her gown from the thorn-stump, a wicked-looking briar attaches itself to her sleeve with triangular thorns almost as large and fierce as the teeth of a tiger.

There is no other way to release herself from this but by taking out thorn after very gingerly, which she does with vows both loud and deep that never again will she come to church this way—her pretty navy-blue Sunday silk is in ribbons, the thumb of her six-buttoned Suede glove has come away bodily, her cheeks are crimson, her fringe all out of curl.

"Can I help you?"

Miss Sandys looks up.

The hero of her adventure on the cliff is standing above her, not in fisherman's guernsey now, but in orthodox frock coat and tall hat, and looking so cool and composed that she finds her own aggravation increased a hundredfold at sight of him.

"I have got bogged in this abominable ditch," she explains, with an angry tug at the unfortunate kilting—"or bushed, rather! And, as soon as I pull one of these terrible thorns out of my sleeve, another gets in."

He jumps down into the ditch, and gets the bramble, holding it while she makes her escape. Then he essays to set the blue silk skirt at liberty.

"There is a plank a little lower down where you could have crossed without any difficulty."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Conspirators.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

JUNE rose all in bloom.

The scent of June strawberries filling the air with their subtle fragrance. A silver crescent moon floating on the edge of the horizon, and the bell of the distant church spire striking seven; and Azalea Wynthorpe thought to herself what a beautiful world this was, as she leaned over the garden fence and tied sweet peas into a little bunch to fasten into her belt.

But a slight, inscrutable shadow came across her face as a masculine footstep rang on the dewy road outside of the fence, and the figure of a tall, handsome young man obscured the silver crescent that glowed above the Western sky.

"Edmund."

"And no other," returned the young man, doffing his straw hat. "May I ask why you are out here star-gazing?"

"I was waiting for you. Oh, Edmund, where have you been all day?"

"Didn't I tell you? At the picnic."

And Mr. Wynthorpe endeavored to look as unconcerned as possible. Azalea bit her lip.

"I thought you despised picnics?" said she.

"That depends a good deal on the society one is in," retorted her brother. "Adele Horton was there—and Adele Horton's presence would seem to gild almost any pill."

"Oh, Edmund."

"And oh, Azalea."

"You don't really mean that—that you are getting fond of Miss Horton?" pleaded poor Azalea, with varying color.

Mr. Wynthorpe took out his case and deliberately selected a cigar.

"As to being fond of her," he said, calmly, "the question is perhaps a little premature. But I certainly do think she is the prettiest girl in Fordham."

"But, Ned, she is so stupid."

"Stupid? Now, Azalea, that is neither more nor less than a woman's prejudice. She is calm, serene, impassible, if you please, as the goddess Diana herself—but not stupid. I hate your giggling, jerking, perpetual motion sort of girls like Fanny Gerald. It rests one only to look at Adele Horton's blue, pale face, with its Greek outlines, and blue, well-like eyes."

"If you are relapsing into sentiment," retorted Azalea, "there's an end of the matter. A man in love is a man temporarily deprived of the use of his senses!"

And she walked into the house with great dignity.

While her Aunt Flora, a plump, sympathetic matron of some eight or nine and thirty, who, from the open French casement, had chanced to overhear the whole discussion, laughed a quiet little laugh all by herself.

"Oh, aunt," sighed poor Azalea, "what shall I do?"

"My dear," said Flora, "if you want a fire to go out, you shouldn't blow the sparks."

"Do you mean I should leave off opposing Ned? But, Aunt, only to think of his falling in love with that placid, slow-speaking fool of a Dell Horton, while dear little Fanny——"

"It's not a settled matter yet, by any means," said Flora.

"But it will be!"

"My dear," said Flora, "I had a little brother once who was put into a grocer's shop as errand boy. And the first day the grocer put a drum of figs and a box of raisins before him.

"'Eat all you want, my little lad,' said he, 'I like my boys to enjoy themselves!' Billy's eyes brightened, he applied himself diligently to the figs and raisins. But after that day he never wanted to touch one again. He had been satisfied with the sweets. My dear Azalea, don't you think that there was method in that grocer's madness?"

Azalea's eyes sparkled.

"I understand you, aunt," said she.

The next day was dark and cloudy, the air full of drizzling mist, and the wind due east.

Azalea came down early into the breakfast room, before anyone else had put in an appearance, and stole her arm softly into that of her brother, who was always on hand for the morning paper.

"Ned," said she, "I was cross with you last night. I am sorry this morning. Adele is a lovely girl."

"Now you're talking something like common sense," said Edmund complacently. "You always were a sensible girl, Azalea, when you once divested yourself of silly prejudices."

"And I have a treat in store for you, Ned," went on Azalea, smiling. "I have just sent a note to Adele, inviting her to come and spend the day with me. It's going to be a settled rain, and we shall none of us have much chance to go out. Fanny Gerald and I shall be busy with our worsted work, and you can have the day with Adele."

"Azalea, you're a trump," said Mr. Wynthorpe.

Miss Horton arrived after breakfast—a tall, handsome girl, with a face as perfect as if it had been carved out of Carrara marble, a marvellous gift of silence, and a way of drooping her eyelashes as if she were thinking unutterable things.

And very soon after her arrival, Flora contrived to need Azalea and Miss Gerald in her room to superintend the operations of an opportune dressmaker.

"We shall not be long, Miss Horton," said she, "and I am sure you will excuse us."

"Oh! certainly," said Miss Horton, who did not at all object to the idea of being left to Mr. Wynthorpe's undivided society.

The next evening there was a concert, an event of sufficiently rare occurrence in Fordham to create quite a sensation.

"You're going Edmund, of course?" said Flora.

"Well, no, I thought I would stay at home and finish an article I'm writing," said Mr. Wynthorpe, who was rather inclined to be literary.

"Oh, Ned, you must go," cried Flora; "we have five tickets, and I have sent one to Adele Horton, with a line to say that you would be there at half-past seven precisely, to escort her."

Ned bit his lip.

"And who is to escort you?"

"Oh, I am cavalier enough to take Azalea and Fanny," returned Flora, with a cheery laugh.

"But it is hardly enacting the part of a courteous host to Miss Gerald——"

"Oh, nonsense," briskly interrupted Flora. "Fan don't care."

Again Mr. Wynthorpe's brows contracted.

It is scarcely agreeable to a good-looking young gentleman to be told that a pretty girl "don't care" for his society.

However, the ladies seemed to have taken the management of affairs into their own hands, and there was nothing for it but to submit.

To the concert he went and spent another three hours by the side of the silent and sniffing Miss Horton, whose only remark was that "it was very warm," and whose severe expression of face never varied during the whole of the musical programme.

Wynthorpe looked across to Fanny Gerald, whose girlish brow mirrored all her passing thoughts—who cried at the plaintive Scotch ballads, and laughed at the comic refrains, and he wished he could change places.

"Well, Ned," said beaming Flora, when he reached home after seeing the beauty to her home, "how did you enjoy your evening?"

"Oh, so, so," said Mr. Wynthorpe, and he went off to his own room without waiting for any more cross-questioning.

"He is beginning to get tired of raisins and figs," thought Flora, with a mischievous chuckle.

A month passed away.

Flora and Azalea persisted energetically in their plan of throwing Ned and Miss Horton together as much as possible.

Fanny Gerald devoted herself assiduously to a good-looking young civil engineer who had come to Fordham to oversee the building of a bridge across the river—and Mr. Wynthorpe grew moody, absent and distrait.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Flora.

"But we are not certain yet," said Azalea.

"I am," asserted Flora.

"Edmund," said that sagacious matron, one day, "we've made up a party for the sea-side next week."

"Have you?" said Mr. Wynthorpe, rather listlessly.

"Adele Horton will go, and Azalea and I, and you shall play cavalier. But don't be afraid," with an arch tremble under her eyelashes, "Azalea and I shall be the best of company for each other, and we'll not interfere in the least with you two young people."

"And why doesn't Fanny go?"

"She prefers to remain at home," said Flora.

"Oh," said Ned, bitterly; "for that young jackass of a Millard to make love to her, eh, is that it?"

"Really," said Flora, "as to that I could not say."

"I shall not go either," said Edmund, loftily.

"My dear boy, after Miss Horton has kindly consented——"

"Miss Horton! Miss Horton!" savagely interrupted the young man. "I should be ready to hang myself after another week of Miss Horton. Why she hasn't three ideas in her brain."

"But she is beautiful."

"Granted, but she always looks exactly the same. To my mind, Fanny Gerald's speaking face is a thousand times the prettiest."

And catching sight of Fanny's pink muslin dress on the balcony outside, he joined her at once.

"Fanny," exclaimed he, impetuously, "why don't you join this sea-side party?"

Fanny glanced up, half laughing, half blushing.

"I don't want to be de trop, Edmund."

"De trop, indeed! I shall not go if you are not of this party."

"But, Miss Horton——"

"Hang Miss Horton! No, I didn't quite mean that, but I'm sick of Miss Horton. Miss Horton will never be any more to me than she is now. There is only one girl in the world that I really care for, and she ——"

"Well?"

"Is you, Fanny."

So the sea-side cortege went as a wedding party, and pretty Fanny Gerald was the bride.

And whenever the bridegroom looked at Adele Horton, smiling and emotionless, he thanked his stars for the lucky escape he had had.

"I should have been tired to death of her in a month," said he to himself. "While Fanny is more charming every day."

But he never knew anything about the mild little plot of the conspirators, Flora and his sister Azalea.

Scientific and Useful.

TROUT.—The wild duck is probably the most destructive of all the enemies of the trout, for it confines itself entirely to feeding on their spawn. Always a glutton, when a duck finds the spawning beds of trout in the small streams that feed the main water, it will soon devour thousands of eggs and shovel the entire contents of the breeding places into its stomach, if not molested. One flock of wild ducks can easily destroy the entire breeding prospects of any trout stream in a short time.

WOOD FIBRE.—The longest fibre for paper made from wood is from willow; basswood and poplar rank next respectively, in that regard. Cedar, fir, and hemlock are said to work about alike, the latter yielding a little more freely; maple has a fibre shorter than that of either spruce or pine, and is quite hard to grind; birch is very hard, and grinds quite short. Poplar and buckeye pulp remain white for a considerable time, other woods changing color; birch becomes pink; and maple turns purple.

VENTILATION.—The importance and necessity of ventilation is illustrated by the following experiment: A sparrow was placed in a glass globe, hermetically sealed. For an hour there was no change, but at the end of that time it began to show that it was suffering from breathing air that had already passed through its lungs. After another hour a second sparrow was placed in the globe. It seemed stunned and died in a few moments. The first bird at the end of the third hour, dropped apparently dead. Taken out into the fresh air and sunshine it revived, but being again placed in the globe it instantly tottered and died. The process of asphyxiation in badly-ventilated rooms is gradual; if it were sudden, people would die, as did the second sparrow.

THE ELECTRIC SPARK.—To produce an electric spark, it is said, it is only necessary to warm a sheet of ordinary paper in front of a good fire or stove or over a lamp. Upon going into a dark place and applying the knuckle to the paper, a very decided spark will start from the latter, accompanied by a slight crackling sound. Take two sheets of paper and interpose a sheet of goldleaf between them. After electrifying them as above described, it will be only necessary to pass a pencil point in zigzag manner over their surface to cause the appearance thereon of a luminous flash of considerable intensity. These experiments, which are very easy to perform, may serve to demonstrate the fundamental rules of static electricity to children.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES.—Not only should horses afflicted with glanders be killed, but the bodies should be buried deeply and lime and carbolic acid be sprinkled freely over the carcasses before covering.

PLANTS.—In covering plants for winter it should be noticed that some plants may be killed by too much protection, and such covering should be around the plants rather than over them, the object being to prevent sudden thawing and freezing.

SEED CORN.—It is suggested that seed corn be selected with regard to its specific gravity, in order to discriminate between light and dense seed corn. By putting seed in brine the heaviest will sink while others will float. By selecting those that fall to the bottom a greater uniformity will be attained.

THE COW'S NOSE.—There is no need of bothering about a cow's pulse to find out if she is well or not; simply look at her nose. If well, it will be moist and cold; if feverish dry and hot. She is like a dog in this respect. A staring coat or hollow eye are also points indicating trouble, and as symptoms of disease they are more to be dreaded than the dry nose.

MANURES.—All manures deposited by nature are left on or near the surface. The whole tendency of manure is to go down into the soil rather than to rise from it. There is probably very little if any loss of nitrogen from evaporation of manure unless it is put in piles so as to ferment. Rains and dews return to the soil as much ammonia in a year as is carried off in the atmosphere.

BUTTER.—Washing butter with brine has two effects. If the fine-grained butter is allowed to stand for some time in the brine the latter will, by the natural laws of gravity, cause the solid or cheesy matter in buttermilk to assume lower strata, and can thus be drawn out from under the butter. The added water has also an affinity for the sugar of milk, and takes it with it when drawn off. The brine also causes a slight contraction of the butter globules, which causes increased firmness.

STOCK DISEASES.—A great many diseases of stock are caused by ergot, which is eaten while the stock are at pasture. The most prominent diseases are: 1st. Those of a nervous form resulting in convulsions, paralysis or lethargy. 2d. The gangrenous form resulting in dry gangrene of the extremities. 3d. The abdominal form, resulting in constipation, impactions of the stomach or bowels, with subsequent diarrhœa and eruptions on or erosions of the mucous membranes of the skin, known as mad itch.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 1, 1884.

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—or,—

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GOLD AND GLITTER.

Of all that seems gold, but is really glitter, perhaps Fame is the most delusive and unsatisfying. At least it is uncertain and ephemeral. Popular favor is capricious. All history, in all times and in all lands, preaches this moral lesson.

The idol of to-day becomes the execrated of to-morrow—kings, warriors, statesmen, reformers, have found how vain is the applause that they have coveted. "A breath can make them as a breath has made," and the same can, and has as often, unmade them.

Grand-titled companies, and all the facilities they afford, are glittering everywhere with golden prospects—a few real, indeed, but far too many false.

Look at any of our leading newspapers, and you will see their columns dazzling with the brightness of golden promises, so that the advertising sheet might not inaptly be called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." If these speculations are not golden, mines of gold, would men embark in them, or give their names to the public as a guarantee for their good faith?

And so the public think, or, at all events, the credulous portion of it; and the discharged officer, the man of "the wasted life," of whom we read so much just now, puts his hundred or two into them; and the poor widow, caught by the glitter as the moth is by the candle flame, puts in her all; and some fine morning they wake to find the cobwebs all vanished, even as the dewy gossamer of the fields melt away in the sunshine.

Now look at another column of the daily papers, and see all the companies that are under liquidation, how the glittering gold under the alchemy of the accountant and the balance-sheet turns into dull dross. A hundred other instances of those glittering toys which are not gold, that allure the grown-up children of the world, occur to us, as they will occur to every thoughtful person.

They will teach us, before we spend our time and our means in seeking them, to try them by the sharp test of reason and experience, as the goldsmith tests with acids the metal to discover if it be gold.

Let us do this honestly, dispassionately, searchingly, and in most cases we shall not pursue phantoms, nor waste our money upon that which is not bread; we shall not mistake glitter for gold, shadow for substance, sham for reality.

But one will be inclined to ask, "Well, is there no gold at all to be got in the world?" There is, indeed, gold, and fine gold, and perhaps the best gold has the least glitter.

Two of these have the real hall-mark, and have the word golden stamped upon them. One is Contentment, called the "golden mean," to be content with a moderate share of this world's goods.

He that has this gold, has "the genuine article," and is not likely to be seduced by the glitter of the counterfeit. If he does not make great gain, he has that contentment which we are told is "great gain," and so he rests in peace.

Another is Justice. This is called the golden rule, "to do unto others as you would they should do unto you." He that lives up to this rule is sure to avoid a thousand troubles, and will have a good conscience, even when he fails of other rewards.

There is also pure gold hidden in many a man's inner nature, but which is never found till tribulation and trials crush it out of him, just as the granite and the quartz has to be broken to get at the gold within. Truth and honesty, and industry and purity of life, are all gold within the reach of every man and woman. They have little glitter, and are not easily counterfeited. The prevaricator and the hypocrite are soon found out if they seek to pass their base metal for the real gold.

Yes, there is plenty of gold to be got at. Let those who have higher gifts and larger ambitions dig deeper into the mine, to seek for a richer vein of gold than the less adventurous; but let them work with a miner's skill as well as with a miner's perseverance and patience. And let them take care that, after all their expenditure of labor, time and money, they get what is not gold, however it may glitter.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AN old man repents of that of which a young man boasts.

—

MOST of the so-called "foods" for infants have been examined by the State Medical Society and condemned. Nothing is known of their composition, and they may be a good deal worse than useless.

—

THE CREMATORY planned for Chicago is to cost about $25,000, and is to have three retorts—one for men, one for women, and one for children. The projectors say they will allow the remains of no malefactor, pauper, or disreputable person to be incinerated in them.

—

A NEW kind of entertainment has just sprung up in New York society which promises to afford considerable amusement and pleasure to those who take part in it. It is phrenology. Some people intend the coming winter to give "phrenological" parties; that is, to have a phrenologist come to their houses and amuse their friends by feeling the protuberances on the craniums of those who will submit to it.

—

MANY medical journals indorse the suggestion made in the "Archives of Otology," based on an examination of the ears and hearing of nearly six thousand school children—namely, that in every case of inattention the child should have its ears examined, so convinced is it of the fact that children who are simply hard of hearing are often misjudged and considered inattentive. Indeed, such an examination would be desirable once or twice a year at least for every child.

—

WHEN the body and mind are properly fed and kept in working order, and recreation is adjusted to work, and food to effort, day by day, little need is found for a dry dock into which, at the returning voyage of each year, the shattered hulk must be hauled for repairs. This is really the great lesson of human life, so far as our physical natures are concerned—day by day our daily bread, and day by day our daily care. The maintenance of health is the adjustment of every part of one's self to every other part—an adjustment in which we have marvelously the help of nature, if only we come to understand ourselves, and have our bodies under the control of our wills and the conscience.

—

AN authority on health says: "Great workers must be great resters. Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up to three or four o'clock in the morning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at 9 oclock, and work all the day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain shakiness coming into his system, which he will certainly endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus.

—

THE latest device of Parisian robbers to obtain money is for three or four of them to seat themselves demurely in a train car, and at a given signal spring upon the conductor, fasten a strong cord about his neck, draw it tight enough to deprive him of his voice, and, if he resists, tight enough to prepare him properly for a coroner's inquest, and then make off with the leathern bag in which he carries his sous and francs. One of their victims declares that the process closely resembles hanging.

—

THE true purposes of social life are mutual good will, sympathy, friendship, help, affection, happiness. In pursuing these, tact and common sense suggest certain observances, excellent in their way when used only as appliances, but wretched subterfuges when, as is too often the case, they are made to fill the place of reality. Thus, etiquette comes to be valued above kind feeling, politeness above sympathy, good manners above the goodness of heart which it is supposed to represent. Truth is sacrificed to pretense, reality to appearance.

—

PROFANE swearing seems to be on the increase in Spain. There are two articles in the Spanish constitutional code prescribing punishment for blasphemy, but there is no nation in Europe which has a worse reputation in this respect than the Spaniards. Of late the language of the gods, as they love to call it, has become so saturated with curses and irreverent terms that the provincial authorities have petitioned their several governors to interfere energetically against the custom of swearing and cursing which "makes the Spanish people blush before the eyes of other civilized nations."

—

THE German Postmaster-General has introduced another practical innovation in the service—namely, that of allowing telegrams to be thrown into the letter-boxes, more especially into those attached to the mail cars on railway trains. All that is needed is to write the message on paper, mark it "telegram," and attach the tariff rate in postage stamps, and when these stamps are not at once to be had, the messages may be even sent unpaid or insufficiently paid, in which case the transmission fee is to be collected from the party receiving it, or, if the same cannot be found, from the sender. This facility, however, only holds good thus far for the German Empire, exclusive of Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and of foreign countries.

AN investigation as to the honesty of women as cashiers, has been made in Buffalo by a paper in that city. It cannot find a case in which one of them has ever been justly accused of embezzlement. One retailer said that the cashiers were invariably honest, but occasionally a female clerk had been detected in pilfering small articles—collars, handkerchiefs and the like—but the cases are rare. A leading dry goods dealer said: "I never knew a woman who handled other people's money to steal one cent. I have employed women as cashiers for years. They are quicker at making change than men, they will detect counterfeit money quicker; they will keep their cash accounts clearer, and they don't want to run the whole store, as men do."

—

CERTAIN ingenious Parisians are experimenting with an apparatus for utilizing solar heat and using it in lieu of coal. To effect this the sun's rays are concentrated by a reflector, which so moves as to keep the rays focussed on a vertical boiler, which is thus heated, producing steam enough to drive a press. In a recent experiment the sun made steam, drove a large press, which struck off several thousand copies of a specimen newspaper. Parties interested in thus obtaining the cheapest attainable heat, profess themselves as well satisfied with the first test, and are in high hopes of soon being able to generate steam without coal or any other mundane fuel. Using the heat of the sun as a motor is not a new idea, but the French are the first to try to run presses by solar power.

—

SOMEBODY with a mathematical turn of mind has made the following computation, which is curious, if not essentially correct: He says a German mile—about five English miles,—contains 25,856 feet; a square German mile contains 668,500,000 square feet. The superficial area of the Lake of Constance, being eight and a half German square miles, therefore is 5,682,000,000 square feet. There are living on the surface of the globe at this moment, in round numbers, about 1,430,000,000 human beings. Let every man have four feet allotted to him, and if the lake were frozen over, the whole human family might find standing room upon its surface. Should the weight prove too great, the ice break and the whole human race submerged, it would only raise the level of the lake about six inches.

—

A CASTLE GARDEN official recently stated some of the reasons why so many English women come to this country to join the Mormons. "They don't have half a chance to get husbands in England," he said. "Why, one of them was telling me only the other day that, out of 100 women folks in her native village between the ages of 20 and 35, there were husbands for only 56 of them. Fourteen of the other 54 had owned husbands once, but they had died. The remaining 30 never had any. She seemed to have made a study of the question, for she told me that there were less than 4,000,000 women between 20 and 40 years of age in all England and Wales, and of them nearly 2,000,000 were unmarried. So when the English women learned about Utah, and the glorious opportunities it offered them in a marital way, they became impressed with the place at once; and that's why they keep coming over in such numbers with the Mormon missionaries."

—

FEMALE spies on erring humanity are as numerous as flies here now, writes a New York correspondent. Somehow it seems rather a strange and unfeminine occupation for a woman to serve in the role of a spy, yet there is scarcely a store in this city where dry goods are sold but employs a corps of female detectives. As a rule, women scent a clue more readily than men—they are a sort of intuitive spies—not a very flattering characteristic, but nevertheless true. And when a woman detective catches her victim she is invariably more pitiless than a male officer would be. A woman who becomes a detective must necessarily relinquish all feminine individuality, as the experience they must unavoidably undergo in such capacities gives them a coarseness of manner not calculated to inspire respect such as modest ladies are wont to receive. The female detectives employed in the custom house are expert physiognomists—that is, they can nearly always read the smuggler's guilt on his or her face.

—

A PROMINENT writer gives an interesting account of the school savings banks in several European countries. He says the plan was suggested in France many years ago, and has already extended to Germany, Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Holland. The system is very simple. The teacher tells his children that he is ready to receive their small savings, and explains to them how they may be made to increase. He gathers in the pennies and centimes, keeps a register with the name of each depositor, and, when the sum amounts to a franc or more, places it in a neighboring savings bank or lends it to the State. The pupil keeps a duplicate account of his deposits, and can only draw any part of them with the consent of his parents or guardian. The plan has proven very attractive to children. In Ghent, out of 45,000 pupils, there are 13,000 depositors, each for more than one franc. In France the number of school banks is 10,261, with 213,135 depositors. The whole amount deposited by the children was in 1880 more than one million dollars. The system is worthy the attention of educators everywhere.

HAREBELLS.

BY JOHN C. CHAMBERS

A stretch of common land, ablaze
With golden gorse and yellow broom,
And bright with bracken sprays,
Just touched through all their summer green
With autumn gold. A placid scene—
Fair spot for restful days.

A grey old church of time-touched stone,
With porch and turret ivy-grown,
And chancel-window red,
Lifts lonely here its ancient walls,
And, where the holy shadow falls,
Sleep sound the quiet dead.

I sit me down among the graves,
The gentle west wind softly waves,
And little ripples pass
Across the greensward at my feet,
And stir the countless blossoms sweet
That deck the graves' green grass.

How gay they show, these narrow homes
Of silent rest! The wild bee roams
From flowerful mound to mound;
A throstle's carol in the tree,
Full, heart and voice, of summer glee,
Scarce breaks the calm profound.

How love hath decked the blessed spot!
Here pansy and forget-me-not
Make borders round a rose;
Here, through a lily's parian cup
On slender column lifted up,
The golden sunshine shows.

But in a corner all alone,
I see a grave without a stone,
Without a planted flower;
How long, how long since love knelt there,
In sore bereavement's first despair,
In woe's first aching hour?

No mark of love's regret is seen,
Yet is the lonely grave-plot green,
And clothed from head to foot
With bonny harebells, wild and blue,
Of wind-like lightness, heaven's own hue,
That here have taken root.

They toss their heads with sunny grace,
Above that nameless resting-place,
And flutter in the breeze;
No blossom carven from the stone,
No white exotic newly-blown,
Shows comelier than these.

I stretch my hand to pluck a bell,
I murmur: "Nature doeth well,
She chooseth this lone spot,
Where no love-tokening flower is seen,
And spreads her harebells blue and green,
O'er graves by man forgot."

For a Reward.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the Christmas week, and "things" had come to the worst.

When a young married clerk suddenly loses his situation in a provincial bank where employers are reducing their hands, it does not follow that work can be had for the asking in the city; and so Mr. Tom Craven found himself still seeking employment many months after his savings had dwindled down to a few dollars.

The last resource of the young couple was the sale of every available article of value they possessed, and when my story opens young Mrs. Craven was on the point of starting to sell the last remaining valuable—namely, her husband's boots.

"The children must live," said the young man, looking at two tiny figures in the bed; "and all my other clothes are done for, so the boots are no use to me. The only trouble is that you should have to take them, Clara."

"But, Tom, you certainly can't go without boots."

"I've got slippers," replied Tom; "make haste, dear—no one will be likely to see you in the dark."

Resolved to keep up, Clara stooped for the boots.

"Something must turn up soon. Perhaps you'll hear from Brown & Co. to-morrow," she said.

"Very like," answered Tom, in a desponding tone.

Brown & Co. were his late employers, and he had written to them, asking if they could possibly take him back—with faint hopes of success.

Quickly the boots were put into an old leather bag, and Mrs. Craven dressed herself in a shabby waterproof and bonnet, and covered her face with a thick veil; then she crept down the creaking old stairs and out into the narrow street, with a heavy heart, and eyes into which the tears would come.

It was one of those old streets which are so close to the dwellings of the great, and yet dirty and disreputable themselves. The respectable persons dwelling there had all been reduced to the depths of poverty. The other inhabitants were chiefly remarkable for their varied vices.

Gusts of wind made the street lamps flicker and cast strange shadows, as Clara Craven sped on towards the store where second-hand clothing was bought and sold.

She paused a few doors off to let some persons go on their way, for she was sorely ashamed of her errand. And, as she stood thus, her eyes fell on a placard that was fixed under the light of a lamp on the wall of a police station.

"$250 Reward!"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars!—how nice to get it!" thought Mrs. Craven.

And then she took another look to see if the coast was clear for the business she had in hand. Two more people were approaching.

Back went her eyes to the placard; and she read that this reward was offered to any person who would give such information as would lead to the conviction of the perpetrator of a daring jewel robbery.

"Wish I could catch the thief!" said Clara to herself, half laughing, half sadly; and when she looked again towards the second-hand store she saw she might venture in.

After hearing her husband's boots depreciated in every possible manner, she timidly accepted the pitiful price offered, and then stole back into the street.

There she purchased a few of the absolute necessaries of life, and ordered some coal, which a grocer's boy wheeled in a cart behind her until they reached the door of the lodging-house.

"Would you mind carrying the coal up to my room, if I give you five cents?" asked Clara, gently.

The boy nodded by way of answer, and the young wife opened the door with her latch-key, and ran up for an old basket. While she was getting this out of her room a man had swiftly entered the house and passed upstairs.

The coal-boy never noticed him, for his back was turned to the door, and he was eagerly watching the signs of an approaching fight between two cats on an opposite door-step.

The staircase was very dark, so when Clara came down with the basket the man had squeezed himself into a corner unobserved; and when she went on her way, the stranger passed on to the top of the house, and entered the room behind that occupied by the Cravens.

An hour later a snug glow of fire warmed the young couple and their children; and the latter having been satisfied with a meal, went sound asleep.

Tom watched his wife's busy fingers mending shabby clothes for awhile; and then he, too, went to bed, sharing her fervent hope that "something would turn up to-morrow."

And so it came about that, when all were fast asleep, Clara sat on by the fire that still burned cheerily; and after eleven strokes had fallen slowly from the big clock, and the restless roar of traffic was somewhat less in the ever-busy streets, her hands lay idle in her lap, and she blew out the candle to save its light for another time, and turned such a sad young face, such troubled blue eyes, upon the flickering fire, that it seemed hard, hard so young a life should be so old in sorrow.

A sound of voices in the next room roused her. There was a door of communication between the two rooms, which was, of course, locked, but which made sounds easily heard.

Clara knew that her neighbor was an elderly woman; she had met her on the stairs sometimes, and she wondered who her visitor could be at such an unseasonable hour.

Then the sound of frightened sobbing and expostulation made her listen attentively, for she feared her neighbor was in trouble, and determined to wake her husband, if necessary.

"Not yet, Joe! Oh, don't say you must go yet!"

"Mother, I've stayed too long already. They'll be after me sharp, now the reward is out. Think of $250! The men who tempted me and got the jewels, would round on me now and get the reward."

This was it, then! But one slight wooden door stood between Clara and the thief she had said she wished she could find! Only to step round the corner. There she knew was the police station, and for the news she brought them she would get $250.

She clasped her hands tight, and sat perfectly still, all the while knowing that every second lessened her chance of securing this living piece of property valued at $250.

In her present straits $250 seemed a fortune to her. No one who has not gone through a similar experience can ever know what that temptation was to Mrs. Craven. As she sat, her ears caught the mother's voice again.

"I'll not keep you, though my heart is breaking. My bonny boy come to this! Oh, God most merciful, save him from a felon's doom!"

"Mother, pray for me. If I escape, I vow to lead an honest life, and make a home for you. It has not been my fault. Pray God to forgive and help me."

Clara's grasp of her hands relaxed. Then with white face and sorrowful eyes she stood up and looked at her two tiny sleeping boys.

Then on her knees she fell, and stayed in earnest prayer until she heard the stealthy footsteps creep downstairs, and the front door closed; and then she stole to the window of her darkened room, and looking out into the lamp-lit street, watched a quick-walking figure in an old country woman's cloak with a deep cape, and a large poke bonnet, such as her old neighbor always wore. Then she knew that the young man had escaped in his mother's clothes.

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the most old-fashioned houses in an old country town was Miss Greybrook's.

A steep flight of immaculately clean steps led from the pavement of the street to her hall door, with its shining brass knocker and bell-handle.

On each side of this hall door was a large bay window, just high enough to make it inconvenient for any one to offer to shake hands with Miss Greybrook when they were in the street and she was tending her flowers in the window.

At the back of the broad hall that went straight across the house there were steps leading down into large, well-kept gardens, and these were enclosed by a substantial brick wall protecting the fruit and flowers from pilfering fingers.

Inside the house everything bespoke wealth and comfort. Miss Greybrook herself was regarded by the towns-folk as peculiar, but her peculiarity being accompanied by riches, she was never made to feel it unpleasantly.

In person she was tall and angular, and a pair of piercing black eyes that shone out in vivid contrast to her grey hair, gave her a remarkable appearance.

Her caps were always made high, and her dresses shorter than anybody else's, and she made no change for fashion or favor.

Now this old lady was Mr. Tom Craven's godmother. And on the very cold, dull winter morning of which I have now to speak, she had risen from her high-backed chair in front of the bright steel fender at sound of a letter-carrier's knock, and advanced to meet the elderly servant who brought in the letters on a shining silver salver.

"None from him," said the old lady, when she was alone again, turning over four letters eagerly in search of a handwriting that was not there. "Poor and proud, like his father. Well, I've seen much folly in my time, but if he refuses my offer, I question if there is a companion idiot for such a man."

It was three weeks since she had written to Tom Craven, addressing her letter to the office of Brown & Co., by whom she thought he was still employed, and offering to overlook the hideous mistake he had made in marrying a penniless orphan-girl, and to devote a substantial sum to further his prospects in life.

On the very morning that she was bewailing openly her godson's pride, and secretly her own, our friend Tom received a reply to the letter he had sent to Brown & Co., politely regretting that they could do nothing further to help him; and enclosing Miss Greybrook's letter, which had been lying nearly three weeks at their office.

Clara, with the sadness of the last night's struggle still upon her, ran down the rickety stairs at sound of the letter-carrier's knock, and received the letter for her husband.

When she arrived, breathless, at the top floor again she watched his face as he tore it open. The few polite lines from the business-men fell unread to the ground, while the envelope they enclosed was torn eagerly open.

Clara looked over his shoulder and read, too; and then, with one glance at the renewed light and vigor in his worn, anxious face, she relinquished her role of bravery, and cried out the misery of months, in his arms.

Bobby walked, and Bertie crawled to the scene of action, and seeing their mother in tears, lent a shrill aid to the chorus.

Upon which they were kissed, blessed, and cried over till they thought the world (represented to them by their father and mother) had gone mad. When partial calmness was restored, Tom spoke joyously:

"Now wife, take a shilling of your small store, and send a telegram from me to the dear old girl!"

"Tom!" cried his wife, laughing through her tears, "how disrespectful!"

But the telegram was sent, and brought in solemn wonderment to Miss Greybrook's door, before ten o'clock, by the postmaster himself.

The yellow envelope shook in the old servant's hand, and was taken from her to tremble still more in the hand of Miss Greybrook.

When once she had the open pink paper in front of her eyes, and devoured the information that her godson was in the city, and desirous of seeing her immediately, she gave orders for a carriage to be in readiness to catch the next train, and that her fur traveling cloak and boots should be put to the fire immediately.

In the anxiety that all the domestics felt to take a share in the general excitement, Miss Greybrook's cloak threatened to be torn in pieces, and when wanted, one fur boot was found warming in front of the kitchen fire, the other reposing on the sheepskin rug beside the drawing-room steel fender.

However, vouchsafing never a word of explanation, but happily for the sanity of those she left behind, dropping the telegram in the hall as she walked out to the carriage, Miss Greybrook started alone on her travels.

The dull, foggy shades of a winter evening in the city had gathered, and two big and two little faces were pressed tight against the grimy top windows of a certain tenement house as a carriage drove rapidly up.

"Go and bring her up, Clara," said Tom; "I can't go in my slippers."

"Yes—but I'm afraid of her."

All fears were obliged to disappear, however, for the object of them had not waited to be brought up.

She had intimidated the landlady by the commanding voice in which she had desired to be shown to the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Greybrook Craven; and that fat and lazy person had preceded the strange lady rapidly up so many flights, that on reaching the top landing, Miss Greybrook stood silent and stately, for she could not speak.

She waved the landlady down again just as the latter wanted to look in and see what would happen next.

Then Tom advanced, and his godmother kissed him first, then his wife. Then, observing Bobby and Bertie, she smiled grimly, and remarked aloud, but to herself, evidently:

"Children, of course!—and being as poor as church mice."

Looking round the wretched room, and shaking the three chairs, she chose the least rickety, and sat down.

"Pack up—haven't got much to pack up that I can see. You must all come back with me to-night."

Tom Craven and his wife exchanged glances, and at last poor Tom ventured to speak.

"You see, dear godmother, we—we need a few things to make us presentable at your house."

"Eh! what? My house is my own. Come as you are."

The worst must be said, then! "But—please excuse such a state of matters, but—I've got no boots!"

Miss Greybrook gasped, and stared from one to the other.

"Boots! my godson without boots? Here, Clara—that's your name, I believe—run out, child, and buy all you need for everybody; and let us get out of this place; I can't breathe."

Away ran poor Clara, holding the fat purse Miss Greybrook pushed into her hand, and all unconscious what she carried in it.

It felt so full, however, that she took a cab and drove first to a boot shop where she purchased for her husband, her children, and herself.

Then came a big overcoat for Tom, and wraps for the little ones—and she told the cabman to drive home fast. She had paid for her purchases with gold, and bank notes crackled as she closed the purse.

Miss Greybrook carried out her intention, and bustled them all off to the station. The children slept all the way in the comfortable first-class carriage.

It was eleven o'clock when they drove up to the door of the old lady's house, and she grimly counted five heads in nightcaps thrust out into the night air from the neighboring windows—amongst them the rector's, with a flannel rolled round as an extra protection.

Inside the house all was done in the right way as soon as the word was given.

"My godson, his wife, and children have come to live with me. Light large fires in the two best rooms, and get supper."

CHAPTER III.

THREE years had passed. Tom was flourishing in a large firm in a seaport town where his godmother's money had bought him a partnership. It was only a short daily railway journey to his work, and he and his family were still happy inmates of Miss Greybrook's house.

One day Clara accompanied her husband to this seaport town; and before taking leave of him at his office door, and proceeding to make the purchase which was her ostensible reason for bringing her bonnie face and fresh winter costume through the grimy streets, she waited while he went in for a book he wanted her to change.

While she was standing outside, great crowds of poor, respectable looking people came in and passed on to a large room beyond. She was told that they were emigrants, just about to start for New Zealand.

She watched their faces with kindly interest, as young and old passed by, and presently a woman who seemed old to be thinking of such a journey dropped her purse just in front of Clara, who stooped to pick it up.

In returning it she saw what made her stop the woman and eagerly question her. Yes, it was her fellow lodger in the old Westminster street, and with a face of quiet happiness she told the lady that a young son who had gone to New Zealand three years before had sent her money to join him.

"He's my only one, ma'am," she said, "and was a trouble to me once, but he's doing well now."

Then Clara in gentle tones wished her well, and when her husband came back to her she reminded him of the miserable night which seemed so far—so very, very far off from the prosperous to-day, and in a hushed and reverent tone, she said to him—

"Thank God, Tom, we never had that '$250 Reward.'"

Only Sweethearts.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

"Oh, love for a week, a year, a day,
But alas for the love that loves alway!"

A man's rich tenor voice is singing, his heart in the song, as though he is feeling the bitter truth of the sentiment expressed therein. A goodly-looking young fellow he is, standing erect before the piano.

A girl is playing the accompaniment for him, looking as if "Sweethearts" conveyed a good deal to her, too.

She is well and fashionably dressed, and wears her hair rolled away in a small knot at the back of her smooth, shapely head. A few locks stray naturally, or possibly artificially, about her temples.

She is a very pretty girl, better-looking than the average, with small, regular features, and great grey, serious eyes looking out from under straight dark brows and singularly long curled lashes.

The locks that stray so negligently on her white forehead are brown, with no lack of golden threads.

On the third finger of her left hand a diamond ring flashes; and possibly the goodly young man standing so close to her shoulder had something to do with the placing of that ring on the pretty white hand.

They look happy enough, these two

young people, singing their love-songs, with no shadows to darken their lives as yet and make them sad before their time.

By-and-by, perhaps, when they have lived and loved a score of years longer, they may look like the proud sad face framed in the white smooth hair—the face of Miss Verschoyle, who is sitting in the window, her hands in her lap, listening to the song.

An old lady to look sad over a love-song? But so it is.

As the words go on, a sadder expression creeps into her eyes—lovely dark blue eyes that must have been "things of beauty" once.

Her proud lips are closed tightly now as her gaze wanders away over the lawn and garden.

It is a glorious summer evening, the sun dipping behind the elms and shining on the great modern square white house, with its wide terrace-walk running the length of the building, and beyond that the garden, laid out by rule and pattern, glowing golden and crimson, and flaming masses of color such as modern eyes delight in, not a leaf out of place, not a blossom daring to raise its head an inch above its fellows. Beyond the blazing beds and ribbon borders is the tennis-ground, backed by the lawn and sweeping trees. A gay party are playing tennis, and look picturesque enough as a foreground to the dark foliage.

"Oh, love for a week, a year, a day,"

goes on the song, and merry voices break in from the young people outside. But Miss Verschoyle sees neither the pair of lovers at the piano, nor the tennis-players, nor the flaming geraniums and calceolarias under the windows. She is looking far, far away back into her own life, to the time when she was considered the beauty of the whole country-side. As the song wails out

"Alas for the love that loves alway!"

she recalls a vision which is as reality in its intensity.

* * * * * *

An old, old garden shut in by high red-brick walls, where choice fruits hang in lavish plenty in the blazing summer sun, a noble profusion that, like many other things, seems to have died out in these days of rush and hurry.

Up against the blue sky stands an old grey house that has faced summer sun and winter storms for many and many a long year.

Generation after generation has lived and died within those hoary walls.

Children have played upon the wide terraces and grown up to be men and women, and lived and loved and been carried out of the wide doorway, leaving others to take their place.

Sweet and happy, wretched and miserable have been the lives of some of the inhabitants of the old house; but they lie in the grave buried and forgotten, and—oh, mockery of the shortness of human life!—the towers of the gray ivy-covered house point upwards to the blue sky still, strong and massive as they were then, when the voices now hushed for ever sounded blithely and gaily through the rooms, or in the garden where, in its shady paths, lovers strolled and wove sweet fancies in the summer-time.

In the rose-garden, the fairest rose of all, Dorothy Verschoyle stands, her hands full of the fragrant flowers, her lovely face bent so that she may inhale their sweet odors. She is all alone—there is not a sound but the splashing of the water in a marble fountain.

All around her are roses—roses hanging from arches and poles, tossing their branches in the warm air and scattering their petals on the grass and all over Dorothy Verschoyle, as she stands in the rosery in the glowing caresses of the setting sun.

She is all in white, save for the blood-red roses she has pinned in her dress and in her hair.

Dorothy has a proud, bewitching, haughty face, with mirthful eyes of deepest blue and curly hair of true gold-brown.

She is slender and graceful, with a long white throat and slim white hands that hold the blossoms daintily.

He will be a bold wooer that lays siege to that proud heart and wins tenderness from those wilful smiling lips.

Yet straight and quick through the roses some one is coming even now, and over Dorothy's face spreads a sudden flush that dies away as quickly and leaves her smiling and calm, as she holds out a white cool hand to greet the new-comer.

He holds it perhaps longer than necessary, his eyes on her face; and then they stroll away among the flowers and into the shady labyrinth of sombre yews beyond. In silence they walk at first; and then Dorothy looks from under her long lashes with a saucy smile up into the face of the man at her side.

Right handsome and comely he is, and no one knows it so thoroughly well as Paul Tempest himself. He is tall too, and Dorothy's shapely little head is not near his shoulder.

"Well," she says, smiling and sweet, "have you nothing to say, Paul?"

He is her cousin; but this name seems to come almost reluctantly from her lips. He notices it perhaps, as it falls lingeringly and sweetly.

"I never like my name so well as when you say it," he whispers, looking down at the girlish figure in the fleecy white dress.

But Dorothy laughs a light-hearted little laugh.

"Somebody else told me that before to-day," she says, smiling up at him provokingly.

"Who?"—a jealous light leaping into his eyes, at which she laughs again and bends her head over the roses.

"Guess!" she says. "Oh, Paul, how cross you look!" And this time his name slips naturally and easily from her lips.

"Was it," he says—and there is no pleasant smile on his face—"was it Sir Percival?"

"Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't," is the saucy answer; and Paul gnaws his moustache in sulky indignation.

"Was he here long?" he asks.

"I didn't say he was here at all," laughs Dorothy, raising smiling blue eyes to meet the passion in his. "But he was, though, and he remained for four hours."

"Alone with you?"

"Yes, alone with me. Is that such a penance, Paul?"—the wilful voice softening a little.

He laughs a loud mirthful laugh that does not affect his listener in the least.

"A penance! Oh, dear, no! I should think he found it very pleasant, and doubtless so did you."

"Oh, yes!" she assents, carelessly. "We were in the summer-house, and we had strawberries and cream there; it was very pleasant indeed, and I wish it was all going to begin over again."

In spite of his jealous passion, a sudden tenderness trembles in his voice.

"Dorothy, couldn't you and I sit in the summer-house and——"

"Have strawberries and cream? Of course we can; but I don't want any more strawberries to-day. I will have more to-morrow?"

"When Sir Percival comes?"

"Yes, when Sir Percival comes."

"Dorothy"—and for one second the saucy smile dies out of her blue eyes—his voice is low and intense with feeling—"for Heaven's sake tell me, was there anything between you and him to-day?"

For an instant her face is grave; then she laughs out gaily in the warm summer air.

"Anything between us?" she says, in the old mocking voice that brings the blood to the roots of his hair. "Yes, there were the table and the strawberries and cream, and—I think that was all." Her voice falters at the last and her smiling eyes suddenly grow serious.

"You shall not treat me like that!" he says fiercely, and lays a sudden strong grasp on her slender wrist.

A little flushed, she looks up at him calmly.

"Don't talk nonsense, Paul! Please release my hand; you are crushing my roses."

He drops it at her bidding, and stands with cloudy, moody brow. A bell clangs out on the evening air.

"Dinner is ready," she says. "Come—grandmamma does not like to be kept waiting."

But he does not stir.

"Come!" she reiterates imperiously.

"I am going away," he says, sulky and unsmiling still.

The blue eyes look up into his face; and the man is not born yet that can resist the pleading glance of Dorothy Verschoyle's eyes.

"Come," she says, and the black thunder-clouder vanishes partially from his face—"please, Paul."

At that he gives in, if he ever intended to hold out; eyes and voice alter his determination; and he follows her back through the rosery, past the fountain and up to the house—the old, old house the inhabitants of which are getting poorer and poorer every generation—the poverty of the ancient aristocracy, who suffer and make no sign till decay begins to be visible. And all the world knows that the race of Verschoyle have seen their best days; but they are grander and nobler in their poverty than the wealthy *parvenu* who holds the golden key to fortune.

The ivy trailing from the gray massive doorway brushes Paul Tempest's head as he passes into the house, following the white glittering figure that leads the way through the oak-girt shadowy hall, with smiling face turned backwards over its shoulder. So he follows, for she says "Come!"

They have dinner in the long dim dining room the walks of which used to echo to the sounds of mirth and revelry; but to-night it looks gloomy in the extreme with the quantity of white damask and only three at the long table meant for so many more. But, had there been thirty sitting around and a Babel of conversation substituted for the almost absolute silence, there would have been only one face and one voice for Paul Tempest.

He would give a good deal to know what passed between Dorothy and Sir Percival to-day. She sits, fair and lovely, with blue dreaming eyes.

"Would she were dreaming of me!" he thinks, and turns to speak to old Mrs. Verschoyle, a silver-haired placid old lady who lets Dorothy do as she chooses from morning till night.

"Our regiment is ordered away," he says; and then slowly, "I am going to-night; I have business in town."

"But we shall see you again, Paul?"—the old lady's voice is very quiet.

"No," he answers, "I shall not be able to come back again."

Dorothy says never a word.

Paul Tempest turns suddenly and looks at her.

She is as white as the lace at her throat, and a great joy comes into his eyes at sight of the momentary anguish in hers.

But in an instant she is herself again, so quickly as to leave him in doubt as to whether he for one second looked right into her heart. For she is gay and smiling, tossing biscuits to the great solemn-looking St. Bernard, who perhaps knows the expression of his young mistress's face better than most people.

Dinner is over.

They have lingered over the dessert till the glory has well-nigh died out in the west, and Dorothy has talked as gaily as though there were not such things in the world as partings.

Paul Tempest's eyes have rested on her face for many seconds at a time; but, if he hoped to elicit anything thereby, he must have been mistaken, for her color neither came nor went, and Bran was never once defrauded of the anxiously looked-for biscuit tossed so deftly by the small white hand, though possibly the throwing of macaroons broadcast might have been a sign of some mental disturbance or excitement, for Mrs. Verschoyle interposes at length.

"Dorothy dear, surely Bran has had sufficient?"

There were two macaroons left in the dish. Dorothy tosses them one after the other to Bran, laughs a gay little laugh, and, rising, flits away out at the open window and towards the garden.

Paul looks after her for a moment, and then follows.

Mrs. Verschoyle, in turn, looks after him, but remains where she is in the dim light at the head of the long table.

"My poor little Dorothy!" she says aloud; and then Bran raps his tail on the floor—it is the only answer he can give.

Paul Tempest overtakes Dorothy at the marble fountain.

She is cooling her fingers in the splashing water, and he stands for a few minutes contemplating the white drooping figure.

Up over the dark trees the silver moon is shining, sending a broad path of white light across the grass. Twilight and moonlight are struggling together, and the white moon is gradually gaining the victory.

Dorothy turns with a start as Paul comes up and stands beside her. He has plucked a white rose-bud and placed it in his hand.

"Dorothy!"

His voice is very low and solemn; but Dorothy laughs gaily, and shakes the sparkling drops off her fingers.

"Paul!" she says, in mock and exaggerated imitation of his sober tones.

"I have come to say good-bye," he answers, reproach in his strong young voice. "Dorothy, I thought you would have been a little sorry because I am going away."

"So I am. I shall have no one to tease when you are gone"—smiling up at him.

"You will have Sir Percival," he says, with a sort of grim fury.

"Yes," she answers quietly, "I shall have Sir Percival."

At her words he looks as if he would like to clasp his fingers round the slim milk-white throat and crush the mocking maddening light out of the blue eyes for ever.

"How long will you be away?" she asks.

"For ever!" comes shortly and sternly from his unsmiling lips; and then his voice suddenly breaks and trembles, and he holds out the poor little rose in his hand. "Dorothy, will you have this flower, and think of me sometimes?"

She takes the rose, but the mocking blue eyes are smiling still; and in the flush of her maiden pride she plays with the white rosebud, laying it on her sweet red mouth, idly caressing the unconscious flower. For five minutes perhaps she dallies with his parting gift, and then carelessly lets it fall and lie unheeded on the grass at her feet.

Paul looks down at it gloomily, and then, with a sudden passionate movement, he crushes the white rosebud under his foot. If Dorothy notices the act, she pays no heed; but a soft sad look comes into the beautiful scornful face when Paul Tempest speaks again.

"Dorothy, must it be good-bye for ever?"

"I don't know," falls low and falteringly from her lips.

The young man comes a step nearer.

"Give me a flower," he says, "one that you have touched, Dorothy; for this is our last good-bye."

She reaches up to the hanging roses above her head, but he stays her hand.

"No, give me this"—touching the crimson red rose she has worn all the evening so near to her warm young heart.

In silence Dorothy gives gives him what he asks, and stands with folded hands and drooping face.

Paul Tempest bends his handsome head and kisses the flower softly.

"Though years roll by," he says, "I will keep this, because you have given it to me, Dorothy;" and he puts it away near his heart, the heart that beats only for her. "Dorothy," he adds, "shall I come back again in a year or two?"

"If you will, Paul," comes almost in a whisper; but he hears it, and into his heart comes a great hope.

"I love you," he cries; "and, oh, Dorothy, I thought you had no heart left for me!"

At that she raises her eyes to his in the moonlight.

"It is all yours, Paul, if you care to have it."

And he takes her in his strong young arms, and they vow to be true to each other.

"You will wait for me, Dorothy darling—you won't forget me?"

All the scorn and proud waywardness have gone out of her face as she looks up at him and says tremulously through her tears—

"I will wait for you all my life, Paul."

"It won't be so long as that, my darling."

And she glows and flushes beneath his gaze, and they are as happy in the old garden as the lovers of long ago, though the happiness is fraught with bitter pain, for the hour of parting has come, and he clasps her tightly to his heart in a last long embrace, and in the moonlight they sob farewell.

"Don't forget me," he whispers; love me always, Dorothy!"

Her slim white arms are laid about his neck, her voice, broken with weeping, answers—

"Till death, Paul!"

"Dorothy, my Dorothy!" he cries, and cannot let her go.

At their feet lies the crushed white rose-bud; they see it not, nor heed it; their hearts seem bursting with the anguish of this farewell.

"Good-bye, good-bye!"—and he is gone.

Dorothy stands alone, weeping in the moonlit garden. She has loved and teased and tormented Paul Tempest for years, alternately making him miserable and deliriously happy, and now he is gone; at the last moment they have understood each other.

"Paul, Paul!" she murmurs under her breath, and, stooping, searches in the white patches of moonlight for the bruised broken rose-bud, and, finding it, presses warm kisses on the crushed leaves for his sake. She stands with her sweet pure face filled with a great sad happiness.

"May Heaven bless you, Paul!" she says aloud.

If it has been hard to win her, the citadel has surrendered wholly, entirely, and unconditionally now. Dorothy has given her life's happiness into Paul Tempest's keeping for ever and aye.

* * * * * *

The rose-trees are bare and black, and the garden looks bleak and desolate in the winter sunshine. Up and down the wide walk two figures are pacing—Dorothy, more serious and graver than of old, and at her side Sir Percival Montague.

He is not handsome, like Paul Tempest: he is only a plain country gentleman; and he loves Dorothy Verschoyle with the love of his strong manhood.

He might love her more, but he never can love her less than he does now, though she has told him to-day, in the very spot where she plighted her love to Paul Tempest, that she has nothing to give in return for the great love he offers her; and he has taken the crushing of all his hopes like a man, never saying one word of reproach to Dorothy when her answer smote home, keen and sharp, right through his noble heart.

Only one bitter cry comes from his lips as he realises that he has lost her, that she has gone out of his reach for ever and ever.

"Great Heaven! Would that I had come first!" he moans; and the hoarse agony of his voice pains Dorothy from its very hopelessness.

She looks up with tear-filled eyes.

"You will meet some one better worth loving than I am," she says, with grave simplicity.

She has flirted and coquetted and broken hearts often; but Dorothy Verschoyle was never so much in sober earnest as she is now, when she tells Sir Percival that he will meet some one better worth loving than herself.

He smiles gravely, but does not say that he must love her because he cannot help it—must love her till his heart is still for ever.

No; he only takes her hand very gently between both of his.

"I had dreamed of great happiness," he says, in spite of himself, a tremor in his voice; "but do not look so grieved, Dorothy—it was not your fault. I will bear this trouble as best I can."

Quiet simple words; but Sir Percival is only a simple honest gentleman, and can not understand paining by word or act any one he loves.

So he says good-bye and manages to smile as he goes away. And Dorothy dries her tears.

"He does not care so very much," she says, and dreams of Paul Tempest far away.

She does not see beneath the roof of Percival Towers a lonely man bearing his disappointment by himself, with arms flung on the table and head bowed with the bitterness of anguish.

He has pictured to himself the sweet smiling face of Dorothy Verschoyle brightening his old home.

It has only been a castle in the air after all; but the demolition of the fair fabric is none the less bitter.

Dorothy dreams of her lover, and has forgotten Sir Percival.

He does not come near her for some time, and then he is much the same as he used to be, though perhaps a shade graver.

"He is forgetting," Dorothy thinks, and smiles at the deeper, stronger love that binds her and Paul one to the other.

* * * * *

It is five years later, and Dorothy, with grave blue eyes, stands once more by the marble fountain.

The roses bloom around as they bloomed on that day five years ago when she promised to wait for Paul Tempest; and she is waiting still—waiting with a strong loving heart that never doubts nor wavers for one second, though she is a little weary sometimes.

Some day she will see him coming with outstretched arms through the rose-trees, and the long weary years will be forgotten in a moment.

It is two years and more since old Mrs. Verschoyle died, and Dorothy has an elderly maiden lady to keep her company. She is lonely enough sometimes, but Paul will come back to her soon, and then—and then——"

A man's step sounds on the gravel, and over Dorothy Verschoyle's fair face comes

a sudden red blush, for a wild improbable hope is surging at her heart.

"Paul!" is on her lips and "Welcome!" in her eyes as the strong firm steps come nearer and nearer.

It is not Paul; and a great blank disappointment blanches Dorothy's face.

She looks up at Sir Percival Montague and tries to smile; but the smile is a failure.

"You did not expect to see me, Dorothy," he says, as he takes her hand.

"No;" and, in spite of herself, a sudden mist of tears rushes to her eyes.

She is timid and nervous, not the smiling fearless Dorothy of old, and Sir Percival notices the change.

He has come to say something, and he says it immediately.

"Dorothy, I have come to ask you the same question that I asked you five years ago."

True and steadfast, the blue eyes he loves are raised to his as she gives him the same answer that she gave then, slowly and sadly, her heart full of sorrow for him, her tears falling fast.

"Must it always be so?" he asks.

And Dorothy answers—"Yes."

"Till death, Paul," she said, her white arms about his neck, and "Till death, Paul," she says still, for she knows he will come back to her some day, strong, true, and loving.

Sir Percival goes away, a sorely-stricken disappointed man.

And Dorothy waits and longs and hopes year by year, and the blue eyes get very sad and weary.

The seasons come and go, buds swell and bloom and fade, the ivy creeps inch by inch up the gray stone walls, and Paul Tempest has not come home.

Dorothy is eight-and-twenty, fair and sweet in her womanhood, when a great hope leaps to life by a freak of fortune. Paul Tempest has become a rich man; Dorothy hears it in her quiet home, and she tells herself that the time is coming at last. But the roses bloom and fade again, and he comes not.

"He has forgotten me!" she cries, with an exceeding bitter cry, and so takes her sorrow to her heart to live there evermore.

* * * * * *

A sad fair woman, whose life is spent for others, whose eyes weep for the sorrows of others, whose lips never smile for any joy of her own, but only when some pleasure makes another face happy—such is Dorothy Vereshoyle ten years later; and by her side is one pleading as he pleaded fifteen years ago.

"Percival," she says, "I plighted my faith once till death. We are too old, you and I, for much happiness now; let us be friends always."

"Dorothy, I love you still."

Sweet and sad are the blue eyes which are raised to his.

"He wasted my life; but I love him still. I am only a woman, Percival. I can be happier with my dead hopes than in the love of any living man. Can you understand that?"

"I can," he says, and so leaves her once more.

And when, a few weeks later, a little knot of red-coated men are gathered round a prostrate figure lying dead in the hunting-field, sorrowfully looking down at the still face of Sir Percival Montague, they cannot but think he is happier now, lying dead by that one false slip of his horse; for well they know the story of his disappointed life—that he has lived and loved in vain.

They carry him home, and on the way pass a woman with a sweet sad face and weary eyes.

Somebody tells her what has happened. Quietly she comes forward, lifts the covering off his face, and looks long and intently at him.

"Good-bye, Percival!" she whispers; and on his quiet upturned face her tears are falling, the tears of the only woman he ever loved.

Then she looks into the grave faces of the gentlemen around.

"He is happy," she says—"Heaven has taken him!" and so passes on; and they carry him to his lonely home that he left in health and strength that morning.

* * * * * *

"Oh, love for a week, a year, a day;
But alas for the love that loves alway."

The song is over, the last notes die away; and Dorothy Vereshoyle looks up to see the lovers walking away, out at the long open window, as she and Paul Tempest walked so many years ago.

"I am a fool!" she says, and dashes an unbidden tear away.

* * * * * *

The long modern fashionable drawing-room is full of guests. The goodly young man is singing "Sweethearts" again for the benefit of the company.

A strange scene is being enacted on a distant sofa.

A tall, white-haired man is bending and talking to Miss Vereshoyle, whose soul just now is strangely agitated—and well it may be, for she has met Paul Tempest again, and the scene in the rose-garden is fresh in the minds of both.

"Forgive me," he is saying; and she answers—

"I forgave you long ago, Paul."

"Oh, love for a week, a year, a day,
But alas for the love that loves alway!"

They have met again in life's journey. Paul Tempest knows now of the years of hopeless waiting.

He reads the story in the sad patient face, and thinks of the fair sweet Dorothy that he loved once—ay, and well, too—till other fair faces came between him and her memory, and the love died out.

He remembers throwing away the rose Dorothy gave him—not indeed before its petals fell, but long before the blue eyes wearied from waiting for his return.

Ah, well, life has not been all sunshine for either of them; and in silence they listen to the wailing refrain—

"A day for the love that never knows alway."

The Merchant's Test.

BY A. B. BALDWIN.

THE day was yet young, when a traveller left the train at the little station of Norton, and leaving directions about his baggage with the station-master, sauntered leisurely up the dusty road.

He had engaged summer lodgings by letter, and was now seeking his destination.

"Straight ahead till you come to it."

This was the station-master's direction, so straight ahead Lucien Gaylord proceeded, till he paused to look at a tableau vivant, framed in flowering vines.

A girl was seated upon a shady porch, shelling peas.

Her broad hat was pushed back, leaving exposed a face purely oval, perfectly featured, creamy of complexion, with brown eyes and golden hair drawn smoothly back in waving bands, to form a cluster of curls around the shapely head.

Most unlike rustic beauty were the high-bred face, the slender white hands, the self-possessed pose, but yet the dress was a quiet brown calico, with white apron, ruffles and cuffs.

While Lucien Gaylord looked at her, she lifted her eyes and saw him. He raised his hat, asking—

"Can you direct me to Miss Strong's?"

"It is here," was the answer.

And opening the gate, Lucien entered, mentally concluding that the silvery sweet voice was as deliciously refined as the face.

"I am Lucien Gaylord," he said, by way of introduction.

"My Aunt Maria's new lodger. You had better rest in the porch before I call her. It is a very tiresome, sunny walk from the station."

Perfectly easy, with just sufficient cordiality in the tone for welcome, Lucien accepted the invitation, and started a conversation, watching the dainty fingers shelling peas, with a touch that was light though firm.

Miss Strong appeared presently, and took her new lodger to his room, asking her niece to carry her pan to the kitchen.

"For we will give you an early dinner after your long walk," she said, hospitably, bustling about to bring cool water and fresh towels.

"You sent your trunk? I will have it brought up as soon as it comes."

"May," she told her niece, "he is a gentleman, every inch of him, and handsome as a picture."

"I like his manner," May answered, washing her peas at the sink. "Shall I make a custard, auntie?"

"If you will, dear. Oh, dear, to think of Cynthia taking this day of all others to act so."

For Cynthia, the only servant, had been detected in the fact of passing spoons from the kitchen window to a villainous-looking tramp, and the pair had been handed over to the village constable.

Which accounted for the fact that May was installed assistant cook until such time as Cynthia could be replaced.

"And nobody knows when that will be," said Miss Strong "for servants at Norton are scarcer than old gold."

None appearing to replace the cheerful Cynthia, May was often found in the kitchen, not very efficient but willing, and succeeding in many culinary triumphs simply by obeying orders.

"I'll make a good cook of you yet," her aunt often told her; and she laughed merrily at the words.

But Lucien Gaylord enjoying a brief summer holiday, often wished heartily that he might be permitted to live upon bread and milk, if by so doing he could keep May out of the kitchen.

Whenever she was free she found him waiting for her; and they sat in the porch, or walked in shady lanes, chatting pleasantly, gradually going beyond surface talk, mutually interested and pleased to find so much sympathy of thought and feeling that time sped only too swiftly when they were together.

It puzzled Lucien often to find absolutely nothing of rustic awkwardness in this lovely girl, who was as self-possessed and graceful as if bred in the highest society.

She was reticent about herself, but very frank about her duties as cook and assistant in the house.

Having nothing to hide, Lucien soon unfolded his own life to her, won by her gentle sympathy and evident interest.

He told her of his boyhood with a wealthy father, who died suddenly, leaving nothing of a once handsome fortune; of his mother who soon sank under the pressure of sorrow and poverty; of his own position as a clerk in a wholesale house, upon a small salary.

Often he told her of the dreams his father's death had scattered, the hope of being a great lawyer, or an author, moving the world by his pen.

Yet he was bravely cheerful, hoping to conquer fortune by perseverance and energy.

Not until they were fast friends did he tell her all this, and a little later he told her of a new dream, a new hope, a love death only could destroy.

"Will you let me take back to my drudgery the hope that if I can conquer fortune, you will come to share it?" he asked. "Will you be my wife, love—in that future when I hope to gather about me at least comfort for a home?"

He had wooed her in a straightforward, manly fashion, and she was not surprised.

She put her hand in his, promising all he asked.

He went back to his desk in the autumn, but only a week later was offered a better position in the counting house of the merchant, John Burnette.

"It is so strange," he wrote to May, "Mr. Burnette himself seems interested in me, though I am an entire stranger to him. He watches me, and promotes me rapidly, seemingly pleased with all I do. Darling, if this continues, our home will soon be secure."

It did continue.

Mr. Burnette, a man of grave, reserved presence, seemed inspired by some deep interest in his new clerk.

He watched him keenly, moving him from department to department in his vast business, till he had some insight into every branch.

He gave him confidential business to transact, and gave him his confidence.

And Lucien, ever working for May, strove to meet every demand made upon his brains and hands, giving every new branch of the business the closest attention, and straining every power to repay faithfully the confidence reposed in him.

Nearly two years had passed, when one morning Mr. Burnette called Lucien into his private office, closing the door after him.

"I am about to make a strange disclosure to you," he said, gravely, "and you must weigh well what I say to you. Up to this time you have known me only as a business man; to-day I speak to you as friend to friend. I am a rich man, but I have few friends, Lucien. Shall I count you as one?"

"You honor me," he faltered, overwhelmed with surprise.

"I am a father," Mr. Burnette said, "and my only child is a daughter, whose future has been to me a subject of deep prayerful anxiety. I have feared that when I die, the wealth I leave would make her the wife of some plausible fortune-hunter. I have feared that my business would fall to ruin in incompetent hands.

"Often I have hoped to meet, at some time, an honorable, upright man, to whom I could teach the secret of my success, and who might succeed to my business. I have prayed that when I die, I might leave my child under the protecting care of a husband, who had not sought her for her wealth, a man of pure heart and high principle. Lucien Gaylord, I have found the man I sought. I ask you, will you give me, as an introduced to Miss Burnette."

"I!"

The cry broke from Lucien's lips in such utter amazement, that he thought he must dream, or that his employer was insane.

"You!" was the quiet answer.

"But it is all impossible," Lucien said, slowly regaining his self-possession.

"Impossible? Why so, if I am willing?"

"You will think me ungrateful, presumptuous, but I cannot accede to your noble, generous plan. Faithful service, true friendship, I can give you gladly, but you must seek another heir, another son in-law. I am not free."

"You refuse my daughter!"

"I have given my love and won a heart I could never betray."

"May I ask where?"

"My promised wife is no heiress, but a simple country maiden, lovely and gentle. I will not weary you, sir, with a lover's praise, but you will let me say that I have worked for two years, with the hope of winning some position that will enable me to offer a home to my wife. If you will put me in such a situation, you will win my warmest gratitude, but I must not think again of the dazzling offer you have made me."

"You refuse to be my son-in-law—my heir?"

"I refuse any offer that makes me a traitor to a pure heart that trusts me."

"It makes it harder to give you up, but if I must, at last accept my invitation to dinner, and my friendship."

"Gladly, gratefully, replied Lucien Gaylord.

"At six o'clock, then, I shall expect you."

Was he awake?

Lucien asked himself the question more than once, as he pored over his ledgers, added long columns of figures, and wrote business letters.

Had John Burnette really made him the magnificent proposals still ringing in his ears?

Were they both insane?

His head was still whirling as he dressed himself, and walked to the splendid mansion the rich merchant called his home.

Every luxury money could command met his eyes in the adornment of the wide drawing-room.

Pictures of priceless value hung upon the walls, rare statuary gleamed against velvet curtains, the visitor's feet sank deep in the richest carpets.

The odors of choice exotics filled the air.

Had all this really been placed within his grasp?

He was still musing of this, when Mr. Burnette himself opened the room.

"Have you thought better of your refusal?" he asked.

"I can only repeat it, sir. My heart, my love are no longer at my disposal."

There was a rustle of silk upon the rich carpet, a lady advancing, dressed in shimmering, lustrous silks, with jewels in her hair and upon her wrists.

A lady with soft brown eyes and golden curls, who was introduced as—

"My daughter Mabel, Mr. Gaylord."

But who was surely, surely, May, his own May, niece of Maria Strong, who took summer lodgers in a small country village.

Mr. Burnette had disappeared when Lucien moved his wondering eyes upon May's face, and only the lady of his true love remained.

"You will forgive me, Lucien," she said, drawing him to a seat beside her upon a sofa, "but you took I have deceived you, went, I feel you will forgive.

"My father only spoke the truth [illegible] when he told you my future was the most important of life. I wished to [illegible] you of his [illegible] for me.

"When I returned from N[illegible], I told him of your love for me, my promise to you. Knowing you loved me for myself alone, with no knowledge of my position or fortune, I begged my father to send for you at once, and tell you the truth.

"But next to his child, my father loves the business he has built up by his own energy and talent. He wished to be sure that it would not be ruined in the hands of his son-in-law, and I consented to his test of your capacity.

"It is no small compliment, Lucien, for him to tell me he is thoroughly satisfied, willing to trust the future of both his child and his business to you."

"But, May, are you not Miss Strong's niece?"

"I am. She is my mother's sister. Every summer I spend some weeks in N[illegible]. Still I never have performed any menial work there, excepting during your visit, when there was no servant. My aunt has never left her home, and I take no theory to Norton, so that she does not at all realize how different my life is here from my life with her."

"And you, who must see so many suitors, were willing to give me the treasure of your love?"

"Ah, Lucien, love is a tyrant. He took us both under his rule in those summer days at Norton, when I was writing to papa of Aunt Maria's lodger, and he was hoping and fearing for me. But come now to the library, and tell him you have reconsidered his offer, and will marry that unknown lady you refused so positively only this [illegible]."

"Was that another test, May?"

"Not of my seeking. I knew nothing of it till papa told me an hour ago, bidding me put on my most captivating dress, to punish you for your refusal of my hand and fortune, by winning your heart against your will."

There was surely a saucy triumph in May's tone, deserving of the severe censure of Lucien's warmest kiss, so he must not be blamed for giving such punishment.

Mr. Burnette, too, was mischievously fond of referring to that momentous interview, after heartily accepting Lucien's consent to all his plans.

But he has not yet regretted his offer, nor the position he has given Lucien of partner in his lucrative business, while every hope of his loving heart is gratified by the home happiness of Mabel, who remains with him, Lucien gladly accepting the proposal to form one family.

There are two rosy children in the grand nursery, and already the fifth anniversary of May's wedding day has passed, but there has been no regret yet in the happy home, at the result of "The Merchant's Test."

BIRDS IN LOVE.—Woodcock have certain peculiarities which endear them to the sportsman, as well as make them an interesting study to men of science. Their love-making is essentially their own. Early in the spring the male bird, seeking a mate, repairs to some well-known covert where the females most do congregate. It is just at sunset. All day long he has been industriously filling himself full of long, luscious worms, and as nightfall comes his bird thought turns to affairs more sentimental.

When he reaches the parade ground he looks anxiously around, and if no suspicious noise jars on his sensitive ears he begins with a low introductory [illegible]. Then it grows up [illegible] loud, guttural roaring, [illegible] just before each one. [illegible] down the grassy [illegible] fairly intoxicated, and, [illegible] in the air, flies up in open circles, each growing wilder as he ascends. During [illegible] sweet, [illegible] note. [illegible] a series of aerial somersaults, he swoops down to the spot of his starting. For hours he looks about, displaying his wing performances, until at last the female can no longer resist his antics, and, throwing coquetry, as Macbeth did the physic, to the dogs, she approaches with ruffled feathers and dishevelled plumage. The two meet and caress each other with every evidence of affection and all the by-plays of love thrown in, and locking their long bills in each other's grasp, as if too happy for earth, they rise straight in the air and fly far out of sight in the darkness.

TERRY had been quarrelling about his next summer's clothes. She wanted him to have his light suit cleaned up for 1885 and he wanted a heavier suit. "What's the use of fighting about it?" he said finally. "I [illegible] for only one summer." "I know," she replied, "you will need your summer clothes wherever you may be."

Our Young Folks.

BURIED ALIVE.

BY PIPKIN.

"HEIGHO!" sighed Thusnelda, as she lay on the straw not far from the spot where her three beautiful puppies were curled up in a heap. "Heigho!" she sighed, "I do hope dear master will not deprive me of any more of my darlings. Let me see now; there were ten of them originally. Yes, ten, for I counted them over and over again fifty times a day, and now there are only three. Heigho!"

Here she glanced round towards these sleeping beauties in the straw, and her lovely eyes were brimming over with motherly affection and intelligence.

"To be sure," she added, "master has kept the three prettiest, that is some consolation, and the others have all gone to good homes, where I doubt not their virtue will be duly appreciated, though I shall never, never see them more."

Thusnelda was a dog of German birth and extraction. In truth, she was a Dachshund, and a high-bred one too, and both in this country and in Berlin she had taken many honors at dog shows.

Some might not have thought Thusnelda's body shapely. She was long and low, with a red jacket as smooth and soft as satin; so low in stature was she, that her chest almost touched the ground, and her forelegs were turned in at the ankle, and out at the feet—the latter indeed were almost out of all proportion, so big and flat were they; but no one could help admiring Thusnelda's splendid head, her broad intelligent skull, and her long silky ears and gazelle-like eyes.

If ever eyes in this world were made to speak love and affection and all things unutterable, those eyes were Thusnelda's.

She got up at last and went and stood over her darlings.

She gazed at them long and fondly, wondering and thinking what future they had before them. She held her head so low as she did so, that her splendid ears trailed and touched them.

They moved in their sleep, they kicked and gave vent to a series of little ventriloquistic barks as puppies have a habit of doing; then the mother licked them fondly with her soft tongue, and therefore one awoke. It was Vogel.

The names of the other two were Zimmerman and Zadkiel.

As soon as Vogel awoke she gave a joyful wee bark of recognition, which aroused both her tiny brothers, and the whole three rushed at once to their good mother.

"Ah, my dears," she said; "you are very fond of me at present, I dare say, but you will get to be different as you grow older, I expect. However, I must make the most of you while you are young. Why, let's see, you will be six weeks old to-morrow, and you can lap every bit as well as I can. Yes, and it's quite a treat to see you lapping, and master thinks so too."

"Master" did.

"Master" was very fond of dogs, and he doted upon good ones. He used to come and admire these three puppies by the hour. The milk he gave them was of the freshest and creamiest, and he even thickened it with a little boiled flour.

Whenever Vogel and Zimmerman and Zadkiel saw him coming with the milk-pan they expressed their joy by saucy little barks and yelps, and made a headlong but awkward rush towards him, and when he put down the pan they weren't content to simply put their heads over the side and lap. No, they must have their fore foot in as well, although their mother often told them it was only little piggies that fed in that fashion.

But Vogel was worse even than Zimmerman or Zadkiel, because she used to insist upon getting in the dish bodily. Only Vogel was master's favorite, and he used to take her kindly out of the dish again and place her by the side of it, and try to show her how to lap like a lady.

Vogel was the prettiest, Zimmerman the biggest and sauciest, and Zadkiel by far the wisest of the trio.

An impudent sparrow has just alighted on the puppies' pan, and is coolly helping himself to what has been left from breakfast.

Delicious!" the sparrow is saying. "I'm the king of all the birds in the creation. Everybody admires me. I build in the choicest apple-trees, and feed on the daintiest food. Farmers cut down their hay that I may make my nest, farmers' wives kill the fowls that I may find feathers to line it, and even the crows cast their coats to aid in the same good work. Why, you little puppies, don't you admire me also, you ridiculous-looking fluffy things?"

"I admire your profound impudence," Zimmermann is saying.

"I am astonished at your daring audacity," Vogel is remarking.

But Zadkiel is thinking. "I dare say," he says at last, "that even such a mite of a bird as you must have been meant for some good purpose. To pick up the grubs and grubs, perhaps."

"Absurd," cries the sparrow, and off he flies in disgust.

Then the pups forget all about it, and begin to lick each other's noses and toes—I was nearly saying tooses—in the funniest way imaginable. After that they go in for one of the most terrible sham fights that has ever been fought.

"You'll be a badger, Zadkiel," cries Vogel, "and Zimmerman and I will worry you to death."

So at it they got pell-mell.

Zadkiel is hemmed up in a corner of the cart-shed, and his brother and sister make pretence to tear him limb from limb.

Zadkiel defends himself gallantly, but has to succumb at last, for he is fairly rolled on his back, and in a few minutes is, figuratively speaking, turned inside out.

Then they espy the good-natured admiring face of their mother, peering at them over the corner of the straw, and at her they all rush. They make believe that she is a fox, and her life is accordingly not worth an hours' purchase.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughs some one not two yards away, and looking up they espy "Master," who all unknown to them has been enjoying the fun for the last half-hour.

"You dear, delightful little pets," he says, "why, you are as lively as kittens, and as healthy and happy-looking as the summer's day is long. You will do your mother credit yet. Your legs are straight, but work will bend them into the right shape, then you'll be able to creep into any rabbit's hole in the country,

"To beard a badger in his drain,
A wild wolf in his lair."

So in order to make these little rascals' legs bend to the proper shape, master, as soon as they got a little older, used to bury bones for them deep down in the garden earth, and get the whole trio to scrape and find them.

This was grand fun, and by the time the puppies were six months old they were just as shapely as the mother was, or as unshapely, if you like it better, for after all perhaps the beauty of their bodies consisted in their ugliness.

It isn't every one who knows how to rear puppies properly, but this master did. He fed them on bread and milk, and broth and scraps of meat four times a day, he never forgot to give them plenty of the freshest of water, and as for straw, why they could at any time bury themselves in it.

But this was not all, for he made the little things his constant companions, when he himself went out for exercise. And didn't they scamper and didn't they dance, and frolic, and run! Many a rat, and stoat, and polecat had reason to wish them far away, I can tell you.

Few people know how wonderful, intelligent, and sagacious a dachshund can become under proper treatment.

But there must be system in the treatment. The whip must be hidden away out of sight entirely, the animal must be treated like a reasoning being, as indeed it is; it thus soon comes to know not only every word spoken to it, but your will and your wishes from your very movements and looks.

A dog never forgets kind treatment, and whenever he has the chance he acts a faithful part towards a loving master.

I could tell you a hundred true stories illustrative of that fact, but one must here suffice.

Had you seen the dachshund puppies then, brimful of sauciness, daftness, and fun, and see them again two years after as they appeared when accompanying their beloved master in his rambles, you certainly could not have believed they were the same animals.

They were still the same in one respect, however, for Vogel was still the beauty and Zadkiel the philosopher.

One day their master went out to hunt in the forest.

It was far away in the wilds of the Scottish Highlands. He had gone to shoot deer, but as he was returning in the evening after an unsuccessful stalk, he caught a glimpse of a fox disappearing round the corner of an old ruin.

"Ho! ho!" he cried, "you are the rascal that steals my ducks. We'll have you if we can."

But the fox had taken at once to his burrow in the ruin.

It was a very ancient feudal castle, only just enough of it remaining to give an idea of the shape it had once been, for regardless of the respect that is due to antiquity the keepers had carted away loads of the solid masonry to build their houses, leaving the place but a beautiful moss-grown chaos.

"Watch," was all the master said to his dogs as he crept in through an old window into the donjon keep.

It was a foolhardy thing to do, for the stones were loose around it, but he had many times got in there before, and why, he thought, should he not do so now.

Besides, this was Reynard's favorite den, and he hoped to shoot him in it.

But the fox had improved on his dwelling since the hunter had last paid him a visit; he had excavated another room.

Stone after stone the hunter began to pull down, when suddenly there was a startling noise behind him, and he found himself in the dark.

Buried alive! Buried in a dungeon in which there was hardly room to turn. The situation is too dreadful for pen to describe. He sank on the soft damp mould of the floor and gave himself up to despair. And thus hours went past.

Hitherto there had not been a sound, but now the impatient yelping of the faithful hounds told him they had begun to appreciate the terrible danger of the master.

The rest of the story may be told in very few words.

Vogel did nothing but run about wild with grief, and made the rocks around her echo the sounds of her grief.

Zimmerman set himself to work to dig the master out. But alas! solid stone and lime were too much for even his strong little limbs.

But where was the wise and thoughtful Zadkiel? Gone. He turned up some hours after at his master's house, and his strange behavior soon caused the servants to follow him into the deep forest and straight to the old ruin.

Morning had dawned ere the hunter, more dead than alive, was extricated from his living grave.

His first act as soon as he recovered was to return thanks to Him who had delivered him, his next to embrace his faithful dogs.

CURIOUS INTERJECTIONS.

AN interjection is described in the dictionaries as "a part of speech that discovers the mind to be seized or affected by some passion."

An odd thing about interjections is that very few people know what they imply when they use them.

One of the most familiar of all is the cry, "Dear me!" which, it is hardly necessary to say, is susceptible of many interpretations when differently spoken.

Few people are, perhaps, aware that "Dear me" is believed to be a corruption of the common French ejaculation, "*Mon Dieu!*" through the Italian "*Dio mio!*"

These words, when quickly pronounced, sound much like the often-heard "Dear me!" and are supposed to have originated the phrase; while the companion cry "O dear me!" is said to be the English form of "*Ay de mi*" Spanish for the same idea.

How it happens that words and phrases from all countries have been pressed into service by English speakers is a matter which it would be very difficult to explain; but the fact remains.

One frequent exclamation is borrowed from "the unspeakable Turk.' This is "bosh!" for "bosh" is the pure Turkish for "empty."

There are so many ways of telling a man he is mistaken, or talking nonsense, that it is strange that the Turkish method of doing so should have been adopted.

"Jingo" is another Oriental term, being a corruption of "Jenoo," which means the devil.

It may here be remarked that many innocent-sounding expressions have a strong meaning, while, on the other hand, many strong-sounding expressions are perfectly innocent.

Among the lower classes, "Drat 'em!"—or drat him or her, as the case may be—is very often employed to give vent to discontent or reproof; and this has a serious significance. "Drat 'em" is a contraction of "May the gods uproot them!" and the now extinct "Od' rot 'em!"—extinct, that is unless by chance it lingers among old-fashioned people in some out-of-the-way districts—is another form of the same expression.

"Hurrah!" is another interjection that had a powerful significance. It was an appeal to the Saxon god Thor, and was derived from the words "Tur sie," or "Thor aid."

Uttering this battle cry, our fierce forefathers dashed upon their foes. Little does the boy who cries "Hurrah!" to celebrate some such youthful triumph as the winning of a game at base-ball, know that he is invoking the aid of the mighty divinity, and proclaiming himself to be a heathen.

Few huntsmen would be ready to credit the assertion that they were in the habit of speaking French to their hounds. Yet it is a fact that "Yoicks" is a corrupt form of "*Haut-ici*," "Up here," and "hallo!" is simply "*Au loup!*" as cried to the wolf. The meaning of the hallo, therefore, has in no way altered.

"Hoity toity!" is an interjection which implies that the person to whom it is addressed, or concerning whom it is spoken, is, or has been, putting on what is called "airs," that is, assuming an aspect of superiority. This is precisely what the exclamation should mean. Hoity-toity is a corruption of "*Haut comme toit*"—French for "as high as the roof"—and here one sees the meaning.

"Hear, hear!" is too direct to require comment. Like the "O" and "Ah" it is susceptible of many interpretations, and may be taken to signify admiration, acquiescence, indignation, or derision. A speaker who say no more may say much by introducing an expressive, "Hear, hear," at intervals.

Some interjections have in course of time changed their meaning. To say "Frump!" when a lady is named would be considered in these days very rude; yet this would in truth be to call the lady "plum" or "jolly."

"Minx," however, was, and is still, a term of reproach, for a minx is a female puppy.

"Humbug" has, according to some authorities, a rather complicated derivation. A Scotchman named Hume married the heiress of Bougue, which, indeed, the Humes still hold. He was called the "Hume-o'-the-Bougue," and being a very accomplished romancer concerning his own exploits, any peculiarly extravagant story got to be called "one of Hume-o'-the-Bougues," which in due course was contracted into Humbug.

"Don't care a fig" has no reference to fruit. A fig is a "fico," and a fico is a snap of the fingers.

It was his first attempt on roller skates, and as they brought him to in the toilet room he remarked: "I tell you, boys, that was gorgeous. I must have kicked in the whole dome of heaven the way those stars flew 'round. I wonder if there is any left for the next man."

If the gentlemen whose lips pressed the lady's snowy brow and thus caught a severe cold had but used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, no doctor's bill would have been necessary.

THE SUTTEE.

THE position of widows among the Hindoos is one which, even at the present day, and with all the modifications introduced by European influence, is far from being a pleasant one.

When the early age at which children are married in India is remembered, it will be seen it is quite possible for a little girl seven or eight years old to be a widow.

Until a recent period a poor child, upon whom this affliction had fallen, had not the remotest chance of ever, during her life, could neither enjoy nor look forward to any of the pleasures or consideration accorded to a Hindoo woman.

The barest subsistence was accorded to her, she was expected during her whole life to "efface" herself, and when she was ill, was left to die alone and unbended.

That such a state of things is now only too prevalent in Hindoostan is unfortunately true, for the few re-marriages of widows of which we hear take place in families that have much modified their religious beliefs, and that may be said to have outgrown in a great measure the power of old prejudice.

Custom, which was so severe in the case of children left widows, was and is no less so in the case of women who have, as adults, been wives for many years. To them, the fall from the position of wife to that of widow was more painful than even that of the child, who had scarcely known what it was not to be in the widowed condition.

The old practice was—the hair of widows was cut off: they were not allowed to touch betel, to wear precious stones, or to marry again; they were incapacitated from enjoying even the smallest trifle; they were not allowed to have the least honor paid to them; they inherited nothing of their husband's property, but were at the mercy of their eldest son (if they had one), or that of their husband's brother, who was only obliged to afford them a bare maintenance.

Is it to be wondered at that, while suttee was allowed in Hindoostan, a very large number of Hindoo women should avail themselves of what was a painful, but at least a rapid mode of getting rid of their miseries? or that every now and then we hear of an instance in which, even at the present day, suttee is attempted or perhaps carried out?

The practice of suttee was formally abolished in the year 1829 in all those parts of Hindoostan over which England has power; and, as that is so great an area, people have almost began to look upon the institution as a thing of the past.

It, therefore, comes upon the ordinary reader with something of a shock to read of the suttee of three ladies, at the time of the burning of the body of the late Sir Jung Bahadoor.

A warm friend and a stanch ally of England, a Knight of the Order of the Star of India, a man in many ways far above the prejudices of his nation, the real head of the Nepaulese State, which still jealously maintains its independence, Jung Bahadoor had been made much of in England and by English people.

Nothing can give a more vivid idea of the vast differences that separate Hindoos from English people than the fact that at the performance of the last rites to such a man suttee should have been made a part.

The whole account is just like that which we have read over and over again.

The three principal ranees, his brother and son, arrived, and the ranees expressed their desire to sacrifice themselves.

The brother tried to dissuade them, but he failed, and the funeral pyre was prepared with sandal-wood, resin, and a large quantity of ghee. When the arrangements had been made, the ladies bathed, performed poojah, and made presents to the Brahmins.

The next step was, they took measures for the government of the country and to maintain peace; then general directions were given to the brother-in-law. Their last act was to lease some prisoners. They then entered the funeral pyre quite unconcernedly, muttering prayers.

The corpse was then laid on its back, and the oldest ranee took its head in her lap, and the two others took the feet. They were then surrounded by odorous combustibles, and the ranees gazed upon the features of their husband, as if forgetful of every other consideration.

The fire was then applied by the son, and in a few minutes, all was over. To these poor ladies life must have had but a dreary outlook, and the sense of fulfilling a high duty both in expressing love for their deceased husband, and in performing what they had been taught to consider a religious act, doubtless sustained them to the end.

SCENE on railway platform at Heidelberg.—Traveller to University student—"Sir, you are crowding; keep back, sir, U. S. (fiercely)—"Don't you like it? allow me to tell you that I am at your service at any time and place." Traveller (benignantly)—"Ah, indeed, that is very kind of you. Just carry this satchel for me to the hotel."

A LADY taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really I cannot," she modestly replied, "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do!" unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table; "you've eaten eight; I've been countin' I"

Ayer's Pills are the ready remedy which defeat many diseases, if taken in season. They should be kept in every family.

COME TO THE DOOR.

BY A. P.

Come to the door with a greeting,
Come with a smile on your face,
When 'tis a friend you are meeting
Worthy a hearty embrace.
Treat not unkindly or coldly
Those whom to lose you'd deplore;
But still delightedly, boldly,
Show a glad face at the door.

Many a joy will go by you,
Many a pleasure you'll miss,
Simply because you neglected
Making concessions like this.
So if you would the old friendships
To their old footing restore,
Give them a heartier welcome,
Coming yourself to the door.

When from his wanderings dreary,
Homeward the trave'ler returns,
For the dear faces so cheery
By his own fireside he yearns;
And if they joy at his coming,
Glad that the parting is o'er,
They will be ready to greet him
Ere he's in sight of the door.

Only to think of the greeting
Ready at close of the day—
Only to think of the meeting—
Oh, how it shortens the way!
Trials and worries perplexing
Trouble the spirit no more,
When we are met with caresses
From a dear one at the door.

Home is the symbol of heaven;
Here in the sweetest content
All the years unto us given
May be delightfully spent,
If we are honest and faithful,
If we are true to the core,
Letting love stand like an angel
Always in charge of the door.

OF SUPERSTITIONS.

MOST superstitions are signs of ill-luck. This in itself is tell-tale talk. Unlucky omens are so numerous, that no believer could escape them for long; and in all likelihood he observes not only the unlucky signs, but his ill-luck following.

The truth is, that the magpie on his path had no connection with his loss of money; and on his wedding-day, his wife's unlucky glance in the looking-glass after she was fully arrayed, had nothing to do with her discontent as a wife; nor need the servant who broke the looking-glass have cried, looking forward to seven long years of ill-luck.

In all three cases, as all the neighbors knew, the ill-luck came. But it came because of the prepossessed frame of mind that observed and discounted these signs. The superstitious character lacks those practical and courageous qualities which wrest luck from fortune and make the best of life.

The omens of ill-luck have come to the fortunate as often; but they were never noticed, because they who were cheerily fighting the battle had better use for their time.

At this moment, the present writer knows of no household more radiantly prosperous than one in which the largest looking-glass was broken a few days after a move to their newly-built home; and no marriage more replete with happiness than a Saturday marriage, though proverbially Saturday's marriage "has no luck at all."

Of course, neither the prosperous household nor the well-matched pair were of that languid and timid mind that takes nervous note of superstitions.

But, it may be objected, there are signs of good luck, too, though not so many. Certainly; and there is no truth better known than that courage commands success, and such courage in exceptional cases may come from a very trivial encouragement.

There is a country superstition that if a man sets off running and runs round in a circle, when he hears the cuckoo for the first time, he will never be out of work till spring comes again.

But the man who valued steady work would exert himself in a more sensible direction than unproductive circle-running, and be safe from idle days.

A rhyme of birthdays not well known is the following:

Born of a Monday, fair in face;
Born of a Tuesday, full of God's grace;
Born of a Wednesday, merry and glad;
Born of a Thursday, sour and sad;
Born of a Friday, godly given;
Born of a Saturday, work for your living;
Born of a Sunday, never shall we want—
So there ends the week, and there's an end on 't.

Any superstitious rustic who, from the page of the cottage Bible, dug out the deep secret of the day of his birth, would easily find the rhyme true of himself for any day of the week.

Any country girl would trust it was true if she was born on a Monday. And who that came on Tuesday would confess himself graceless? But about Wednesday's bairn there seems to be a difference of opinion among the prophets; one rhyme predicts a 'child of woe;' this one says 'merry and glad;' while a third says 'sour and grum;' and thereby, from self-contradiction, the old rhyme falls to pieces.

But all the rhymsters are agreed that Saturday's child works hard for his living—as no doubt the children of every other day of the week work, too, in the sphere of laboring country life in which these old sayings are known.

And as variable as this forecast there are many others; for every firm believer in superstition has a secret satisfaction in proving it true; which of us is there that could not read our life as the interpretation of any forecast, since we all can look at the bright side or the dark side, having known alike the good and the evil days?

As to superstitious cures, some of them contain slight elements of medicinal value; but most depend upon that influence upon the nerves which is well known to be capable of giving energy for a time and allaying pain.

Some of the old cures were decidedly disagreeable and troublesome. One man, who wanted to get rid of a wart, was solemnly enjoined to steal a piece of meat, and after rubbing the wart with it, throw it over his left shoulder over a wall.

Another, when afflicted with ague, might be cured if he would go where oak trees grew at the cross-roads; and after pegging himself by a lock of hair to the trunk of one of these trees, he was to give a vigorous jump, and rid himself at once of the ague and the tuft of hair.

So, to sum up, we would suggest that superstitions keep their false character for truth—firstly, because those who observe them, therein prove their own leaning towards ill-luck; secondly, because forecasts are vague, and interpretations can be traced somehow in the chances of life; thirdly, because the penalty of ill omens is so dreaded that the credulous shrink from putting them to the test.

Grains of Gold.

Silence is the sanctuary of prudence.

Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.

A bow long bent, at last waxeth weak.

A careless watch invites the vigilant foe.

A charitable man is the true lover of God.

There is no moment without some duty.

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life.

Remember that a good example is a very convincing teacher.

Learning is pleasurable, but doing is the height of enjoyment.

Be respectful toward others, thereby commanding self-respect.

What is the real value of a thing but the price it will bear in eternity?

Observed duties maintain our credit; but secret duties maintain our life.

We rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

Receive your thoughts like guests, to be entertained according to their importance.

Let no man complain of the shortness of life until he has measured the full capacity of a day.

Don't think you know everything; don't forget that other people have rights as well as you.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Keep thy temper, keep thy purse, and keep thy tongue, if thou wouldst be healthy, wealthy and wise.

We may read, and read, and read again, and still find something new, something to please and something to instruct.

Do not philosophize over the contradictions which beset you; do not dwell upon them, but strive to see good in all things.

Simple emotion will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be strength of will, power of self-denial, persevering effort.

Knowledge must be made vital in the heart before it can blossom into conduct, and the continual passing of right feeling into right action alone can form a worthy character.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose, that has accomplished no object, that has realized no hopes?

Femininities.

Dr. Hammond says a woman's beauty is in direct proportion to the beef and mutton she eats.

Mr. Walters, of Long Island, hanged himself "to fool his wife." He would have his little choke.

A poet says: "The beauty of her hair bewildered me." It probably fell down when he was kissing her.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it never laughed at the latch on the front gate when the dog was coming.

Mrs. Mackay is called the "Duchess of Colorado" by her fellow visitors at Frouville, the French watering place.

A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, and well-arranged house exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates.

"Does your wife keep a pet?" asked Bigsby of Popinjay. "Well, I guess she does," was the reply. "She's never out of a pet."

To a lover the geography of the world resolves itself into two localities—the place where his sweetheart is and the place where she isn't.

A thing of beauty may be a joy forever. But no man thinks so when he sees his wife fish the photograph of a beautiful actress out of his inside pocket.

A woman in Indiana City has acquired the habit of eating six pounds of starch a day. Some women will do anything with starch rather than put it in a shirt bosom.

The etiquette of funerals in Mexico, it is said, does not permit the female relations of deceased to attend. Only men attend the departed to the church and the tomb.

The horse of a Russian peasant is first in his estimation; then comes his cow; then his dog; then his pig, and if he has anything left it is bestowed upon his wife and children.

"Don't I look nice?" said she. "I've got a full plastron." "Have you?" said her lover; and then thinking he must show more interest, said: "Where have you got the palaster on?"

Before marriage, she pouted, "you used to speak of my beautiful auburn locks; but now you call me redheaded." "My dear," replied the heartless man, "marriage opens the eyes. Before that event I was color-blind!"

A young lady in St. Louis recently doused a young man with a pailful of water while he was down on his knees begging her to be his bride. It is always the custom, we believe, in some parts of the west, to wet a new suit.

"A-are y-you a-an admirer o-of s-s-soldiers?" asked a West Point cadet of a young miss with whom he was waltzing. He was short of breath and growing dizzy. "I-I d-don't k-know," she replied. "I-I n-never s-saw any."

St. Louis girls are working their names on their gentlemen friends' suspenders, but in all probability after marriage their husbands will be fastening their monogram suspenders with old nails and crooked wire, the same as other men do.

"Even in England," a London manufacturer tells a newspaper of that city, "the cigarette is becoming popular with the ladies, who are not in the least afraid to come here and ask for what they want." No special brand is made for them, he added.

"The last link is broken," said a young fellow when he kissed good-bye for ever to his adored one, at her request, because her parents wished a dissolution. A few days afterwards he received a note saying, "Dear George, there are plenty links. Come and break them!"

Doctor: "Tell me exactly what your condition is. Do you have night sweats?" Patient—"Yes, almost every night." Doctor—"My dear sir! this begins to look serious. About how long do they last?" Patient—"About as long as I have to toss the baby up and down."

Little boy (at the front door)—"Is the doctor in? 'Cause if he is I want to see him right away." Servant—"He's not in." Little boy—"Well, just as soon's he gets home you tell him to come over to our house and take the baby off he left there last week. It's in the way."

Master Jack: "It must be very jolly to be pretty like you, mamma!"—Mamma (anxious to improve the shining hour): "It is better to be good, Jack!"—Master Jack: "Ah! but if you're pretty people think you're good, and that's easier than having to be really good, you know!"

Most of the Paris ladies of fashion who have passed their first youth are wearing white wigs of a juvenile make. In many cases the effect is certainly pleasing, but it will be difficult in future to fix the age of one's fair friends, and the fashion will probably occasion many awkward mistakes.

"Ouida" don't believe in destiny. She says: "I believe there is nothing which befals us, from a catarrh to a catastrophe, which, if we choose to be honest with ourselves, we may not trace to our own imprudence." How about being struck by lightning, or sitting down on a carpet tack?

Women have taken to wearing their watches in a new place, the result being the introduction of short fob chains of dull silver, with a quaint, heavy coin at one end to balance the watch and prevent it from falling low inside the bodice when there is not a small pocket especially made for it outside, high on the left side of the bodice.

"Has he gone, dear?" "Yes, grandma." "And what was that sound in the hall, Jessie?" "Why, it must have been the door shutting, grandma." "Your grandma may be old and deaf, Jessie, but doors did not shut with a sound like that when she was a girl." "Did the men wear mustaches then, grandma?" "No, my dear." "Well, that makes the difference probably."

A young couple were fined a shilling apiece, in Edinburgh, a few days ago, for having untruly declared themselves to be husband and wife in the presence of witnesses. By Scotch law, it is stated, when persons are thus convicted of pretending to be married, they are thereby married in spite of themselves, and the police-court document recording the fine becomes a certificate of the fact.

News Notes.

China has a railroad seven miles long.

General Butler smokes fifteen cigars a day.

The King of Siam has 263 children. He is under 30.

An open winter is predicted by the Digger Indians.

The manufacture of pins is said to now reach the number of 6,000,000 daily.

There are marketed in New York city during the season 250,000,000 clams.

Portions of the petrified forests of Arizona are now being worked up into jewelry.

The manufacture of matches requires annually over three million dollars worth of wood.

The apple crop in many counties of Maine is so large that the windfalls are left to rot upon the ground.

Of the $3,000,000 in taxes received in one day by the tax collector of New York city, the Astor family paid $425,000.

George W. Stillwell, aged 72 years, was among those who successfully passed a civil service examination in Brooklyn lately.

A parish without a voter is that of East Essex (Eng.), from which the solitary voter that heretofore exercised the franchise has removed.

The use of bitter willow in flavoring and coloring tobacco is vehemently denounced by Parisian physicians as causing softening of the brain.

Smuggling at the port of New York during the year ended June 30 has increased sixty-five per cent. over any of the three previous years.

In a single game of lacrosse, at Toronto, one man was knocked senseless, a second had a thumb broken, a third injured his collar bone, and a fourth his arm.

The Mexican government, which pays a bounty for grasshoppers, recently gave a number of hunters $175 for two hundred thousand pounds of the dead insects.

There was almost a riot in 1855 when Castle Garden was first proposed as the landing place for immigrants, and since then 5,858,180 immigrants have landed there.

A swarm of bees has colonized in the memory of an ox that has lain on an alkali field near Dayton, Nevada, for two years or so, and the interior of the carcass is full of honey.

The sparrow has become one of the greatest enemies of English farmers, and it is stated that one bushel of grain per acre has been destroyed by it and other small birds in that country.

A number of camels have been imported into Australia, and have turned out so satisfactory that enthusiasts are predicting the use of the same animal in Southern Europe and England.

A Mormon Elder has returned to Utah with the complaint that his missionary efforts in Indiana not only yielded no converts, but that he was rotten-egged, stoned, and otherwise greatly abused.

The London "Times" say that there are in England over 300,000 cyclists, and that the capital invested in the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles is about $15,000,000, employing from 6,000 to 10,000 men.

The manufacture of buffalo-horn furniture is now a thriving industry in New York. The "buffalo horns" are the horns of cattle killed in the slaughter-houses, cleaned, dried, scraped and polished.

The youngest immigrant who has ever landed at Castle Garden after making the voyage across the ocean alone, is Margaret Hall, two years of age, who arrived the other day on a steamer from Bremen.

The French method of administering castor oil to children, is to pour the oil into a pan over a moderate fire, break an egg into it and stir up. When it is done, flavor with a little salt, or sugar, or currant jelly.

There was good reason why the editor should hesitate about his answer when he received the following: "Dear Sir—Please inform me if a man is an animal or composed of a human being subject to the animal?"

The largest photographs in the world will be on exhibition at the New Orleans Exposition. They are views of the public buildings in Washington, taken by order of the Government. They are five wide by seven feet long.

A gargle made of strong black tea, and used cold night and morning, is now the fashionable preventive in London against falling a victim to sore throat during the cold winds of spring, and similar "cold spells" at other times of the year.

The street Arabs of Carson, Nevada, followed a Chinese funeral the other day, picking up the small parcels which the chief mourners threw from the wagons, in which were found small pieces of money. The boys claim to have picked up about $20.

Though not in the museum line himself, George Gordon, of Modesto, Cal., is the owner of a small show. He has a horse with horns like those of a cow, growing just in front of its ears, a pig with eight distinct legs and feet, and a chicken with four legs.

The meeting of two brothers after sixty years' separation, neither knowing the whereabouts of the other, occurred at Taunton, Mass., a few days ago. One of them belongs in Maine, and was on a visit to Taunton, when he accidentally met his brother.

Searchers for novelties in the show line might glean a hint from the Austrians who recently held an exhibition of noses, in which eighty possessors of extraordinary nasal protuberances competed for the prize. A gigantic Viennese nose of deep violet hue was the winner.

A half hundred of the poems on Barnum's white elephant, written for the $25 prize, have been published in pamphlet form. One verse of one of them is: "O, thou prodigy dumb, thy watchword is mum, but if thou couldst hum, thou wouldst swear, I vum, the greatest of men is P. T. Barnum."

The Letter.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

THEY had been boarding together at the farm, Jane Heth and Annie Conyers; and all that autumn Mr. Craig had been fishing and shooting in the vicinity, and making the farm, which was renowned for its good fare, his head-quarters.

And Mr. Craig was a handsome and dashing young widower, and Jane Heth had made up her mind that to be Mrs. Craig was her destiny.

Indeed, it might have been, for perseverance can accomplish wonders, had not Annie Conyers brought her trunks, her crocheting, her sketch-book, and her blue parasol to the farm for the summer.

Annie was not prettier, nor younger, nor better dressed, nor more accomplished than Jane; but a man loves one woman, and does not love another; and who can explain why?

Amongst those hills and on that lake, the colonel gave his heart to little Annie, and she gave hers to him.

But on the day that called him home, nothing had been said that could have been constructed into an engagement; but he had asked her if he might write to her, and she had said "Yes," and Jane had heard the request and the permission.

Jane did not love Mr. Craig, but her vanity was piqued, and she had greatly desired the position which she would have held as mistress of his handsome house.

Her heart was very bitter as she turned away, for he had not asked her to write to him; and if their acquaintance dropped, as it seemed about to do, her hopes of clenching the nail when they met in the city the coming winter, as they would be likely to do, would be quite futile.

As she stood watching the stage drive away, she felt that her summer had been wasted, and that there was nothing left to do but to pack up and return to the city at the end of the week.

Meanwhile Annie had run away to her own room.

She fancied she knew what would be in the letter which he would send her, and she felt what her answer would be.

She wanted to be alone and to think it over; and until tea-time she hid herself from Jane, and from hospitable Mrs. Wilton herself.

When, however, she came down to tea, she looked so bright and happy, that Jane felt like wreaking vengeance upon her.

Three days had passed since the colonel's departure, and one evening Jane stood leaning over the gate, when a wagon drove up the road and stopped beside it a moment.

"Good evenin', miss," said he. "I've been to the post office, and they said there was letters for Wilton's folks, and I fetched 'em over. Ain't got my glasses with me, so I don't know who they're writ to; but you can see. All well? That's right. Good evenin'."

And away he drove, leaving Jane with two letters in her hand, one for herself and one for Annie Conyers.

Her own was from her mother.

She knew the writing; the other—well she knew the hand that had directed that also.

It was from Mr. Craig.

"And I am to give it to her," muttered Jane between her teeth—"I."

And then, with an impulse which seemed to her unconquerable, she hurried away towards a wood, hiding both letters in her pocket.

At least she would delay her rival's happiness; she would not carry it to her at once.

Then alone in the green shadow she took the letter from her pocket, and looked long and curiously at the superscription.

Yes, it was from Craig, and what had he said?

Perhaps, after all, he was not in earnest. Could she but read what he had written, she would know.

She took a pin from her dress, and drew it along the edge of the envelope.

It opened a little space, but the rest clung as closely as before.

Impatient at this she forgot all prudence, and drew the pin across the paper with a sudden push.

It cut its way through, and now the mischief was done.

Jane's heart beat hard and fast with terror but she had gone too far to stop.

"I shall know the truth," she said, "and letters are always being lost in these country post offices; I'll read it, since I've torn it."

Then she pulled away the envelope, spread the sheet of paper on her knee, and read the following words—

"DEAR MISS CONYERS,—It seems odd that a man of thirty should be afraid to stand face to face with a girl of twenty, and tell her that he loved her; but I could not summon courage to do so, nor to ask the question that follows such a confession.

"So, far from you, I commit my hopes to this paper, and having in plain words said I love you, ask you in plainer words still—Do you love me enough to be my wife? If you do, write to me at once, I pray, and make me the happiest man on earth by telling me so. If you do not, then pain neither of us—by a refusal; simply leave my letter unanswered. I can bear it better so.

"But I shall pray for the letter, for I love you better than my life.

"HARRY CRAIG."

Jane drew a deep breath.

"So, it has gone as far as this," she said. "What fools men are! She will be glad enough to say 'yes,' but if I should destroy this bit of paper, he would never know it; and then—well, then he would do his best to fill her place. Men's hearts never break and I should meet him in the city this winter, and there is one whom I know suits me better. That old man who gave me the letter never read the address. There can be no inquiries made. It would be safe to destroy it, dangerous not to do so now, even if I wanted Annie to read it."

Then Jane tore the letter in two, thrust it into its envelope, and looked about her.

It would be dangerous to tear it to bits in the wood.

Its white fragments might attract some eye amongst the greenness of the grass.

But hard by, a pretty stream babbled away over stones and pebbles.

Once thrown into the water, that was the end of it.

Jane hurried to the water side, and looking over her shoulder as one might who expected to see a ghost, tossed the little package in.

It fell with the closed side downward, and distended by the torn note, which was roughly thrust into it.

The surface was hard and highly finished and shaped so as to resist water.

A little breeze that had just sprung up, favored it, and away it floated, like a little boat, deftly clearing the shore and tacking and turning as it passed the dark, half-hidden breasts of the little rocks over which the water played.

"Good-bye," said Jane, laughing as she watched it. "I have set a vessel, freighted with the hopes of Harry Craig, afloat in fine style. I am afraid it will make shipwreck, but all the better for someone else. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good."

And turning, she tripped towards the house.

At this moment, farther along this same stream, where, in a little cove, lay hidden a great tangle of water lilies, Annie Conyers sat in a rough little boat, rowed by Mrs. Wilton's son Peter, a shock-headed boy of twelve.

Little Fannie Wilton sat beside her, and the two girls drew the dank, dark, green stems of the great beautiful white flowers.

"If one could only carry them to the city," said Annie; "but they always die. How greedy I am. I can never get enough. But we'll leave the buds until they open—and there comes one down the stream to us. Let's try to catch it, Peter."

Peter, in obedience to the mandate, rowed his boat out into the deeper water, and Annie leaned over the side with her hand outstretched to catch what she fancied was a floating lily.

"Pshaw!" she cried, with a laugh, as it came nearer, "it's nothing but paper! But it seems to be dodging me! I'll catch it whatever it is!"

And with these words her white fingers closed on an envelope, not yet soaked through, and within which lay, torn and crushed, paper still dry.

"Why, it has my name on the back!" cried Annie. "I never destroy a letter when I'm away from home."

Then her face changed, and the children saw her pale and flushed as she pieced the torn letter together and read it through.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Annie?" asked Fannie.

"What should be?" said Peter. "What a little goose you are, Fan."

"Nothing is the matter, children," said Annie; "only, as the adage says—'Truth is stranger than fiction.'"

"Eh!" cried Peter.

"So odd for a letter of mine to float to me on the river," said Annie.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ain't it?" roared Peter.

And it was stranger than Peter knew, for it was Craig's love letter that Annie had just read.

She was a wise little woman, and kept the matter to herself, but Fannie did not.

"Wasn't it funny, ma?" she cried. "Miss Annie found one of her letters floating on the stream, just like a boat, when we were getting water lilies."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilton, for at this moment the tea-cup Jane had lifted to her lips, dropped from her hand and dashed to pieces on the floor.

"How careless of me!" cried Jane.

"Hope you haven't spoilt your dress?" said Mrs. Wilton; but as Jane lifted her crimson face from the fragments of the broken cup, she met Annie Conyer's eyes.

Women sometimes talk to each other with their eyes. Two did then.

But Annie was very generous in her triumph.

She never told Craig, and she sent Miss Heth an invitation to her wedding, which Miss Heth, with many regrets, declined.

THE conceit of a Kansas man is to remove the tombstones from his family burial plot to the roof of his house, where they stand in a row of seven along the ridgepole.

Important.

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $2 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transfered from Hotel to this Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

LIGHTLY TREATED.

He sent an essay to the printer fell,
And wrote he'd wrought it with much thought and care,
Each line he penned he tried to do it well,
And thought with Bacon's best it might compare.
He also begged his paper's circulation
Would kindly bring it to the public light,
And added: "I've a pleasant expectation
It will be read with profit and delight."

But back the editor sent this answer cruel:
"I find your essay very light, indeed—
It's of light weight and weak as water gruel;
Essay again—in time you may succeed,
What is your will? Shall I to you return it?
For, if it comes to "light," I'll have to burn it."

And so it haps oft by a light remark
Some hearts are heavy made, and light minds dark.
—WM. MACKINTOSH.

Humorous.

A striking affair—A clock.

A Chinese waul—Celestial music.

Well backed-up—The dromedary.

The thief's favorite metals—Steel and then I ran.

The school-girl's favorite Roman hero—Marius.

Men can by no possibility become female clerks, but there is nothing to prevent women becoming mail clerks.

The reason why bankers are so apt to prosper is because they always take so much "interest" in their business.

A subscriber advertises for "A plain girl to cook." He probably was afraid he would be hanged if he cooked a pretty girl.

There are many and various ways of becoming a man of mark; but the easiest and most effectual way is to lean up against some newly-painted railings.

There is a girl in Turner, Me., who smokes, chews, shaves, swears, and wears a man's hat. Her unconquerable propensity for ice-cream is the only thing that betrays her.

A correspondent asks if it is proper to dance with a married lady when her husband is looking on. Certainly. The dancing is sure to be very proper under such circumstances.

A few weeks since a barber offered a reward for a good method of instantly removing superfluous hair. Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman in Canada. We give it—"Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

A western zephyr carried a cow a quarter of a mile through the air and set her down in a milkman's yard. He was so scared that he stopped grinding chalk and ran four miles for a rifle for a rifle with which to shoot the curious-looking creature.

A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in Thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

R. R. R.

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"Babyland" a juvenile publication by the editors of the popular magazine *Wide Awake* is a book that forms in itself a perfect treasury for the little ones. The pictures, literary matter, type, binding, etc., are all calculated for them. All that taste, ability, and expenditure could do to increase the interest of the volume for young readers has been done with a willing hand. There is a little of everything, so to speak, in its contents, and the little boy or girl that comes into its possession may well feel pleased at its property. Published by Lothrop & Co. Boston, Mass.

Mr. E. P. Roe has written many readable novels, and his latest "A Young Girl's Wooing" more than keeps up his reputation for excellence. It is an American story of the present day, the scenes and both being essentially local. The plot is simple, mainly turning upon a love episode but the charm of the narration is in its highly interesting and artistic development. Madge Alden, Stella Wildmere, Graydon Muir, and Arnault, the leading performers in the story are all magnificently drawn and contrasted characters. The alternate play and final outcome of contending emotions, passions, and purposes shows a rare insight and understanding of the human heart. In "A Young Girl's Wooing" Mr. Roe has achieved a series of character which would alone stamp him as a pen-artist in the highest degree. Beautifully printed and bound. Price $1.50. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates.

Messrs. Cassell & Company will begin at an early date the publication of "The Artist's Library," the object of which is to furnish art students, art designers, art manufactures, and all interested in art, a series of valuable hand-books on the history and practical application of art. The works are by well-known foreign writers, and published under the patronage of the Administration of Fine Arts, at Paris. They are translated by competent authorities, and edited by the principal of the South Kensington Art School. Numerous engravings will be given in each volume.

MAGAZINES.

The November number of *Demorest's Illustrated Monthly Magazine* is exceedingly attractive. The frontispiece is a fine oil picture of a bull fight in Spain; and a photogravure of Raphael is a feature of this number. There are several good Thanksgiving stories, and among the other articles of interest are: Bermuda and its Ways; Queer Bequests; An Æsthetic Shanty; and A New Question in Politics, by Jenny June. The various departments are well filled with useful information. Published at New York.

The frontispiece of *Cassell's Family Magazine* for November is a capital drawing to illustrate the amusing sketch, The Proctor and his Bulldogs, by an Oxford Graduate. The out-of-door articles are: A Canoe Voyage Down the Wharfe; Life in old Virginia; and The Garden in October. In the way of fiction there are the two serial stories, Within the Clasp; and John Ford, and three short stories. The Family Doctor writes of The Cure of Rheumatism, and gives some excellent advice; and another writer discusses Aid for the Sick; Curious Payments for Land, and a paper on Old Notions Concerning Bridesmaids, are interesting contributions. L. Heritage describes, Savory Dishes and How to Improve Them, and E. Crowley goes into the details of The Art of Making pictures in Stone. Other articles are A Battle We All Must Fight, by Prof. Blaikie, Chit Chat on Dress, a piece of music, poetry, and simple descriptions of the latest inventions in the The Gatherer department. The number is profusely illustrated. Terms $1.50 a year. Published at New York.

The November number of the *Magazine of Art* closes the volume for the year with unusual attractions. The frontispiece of the number is from Mr. F. A. Bridgeman's last salon picture, The Bath at Home, Cairo. This picture accompanies an article on The American Salon, by Mr. W. C. Brownell. This article is profusely illustrated. The Portrait of a Lady, by Wyatt Eaton, is capitally reproduced. Mr. Richard Heath continues his entertaining and amusing papers on Head-gear in the Fifteenth Century. Mr. J. Penderel Brodhurst describes the delights of a day By Stream and Chase. A page illustration is devoted to Giindoni's Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne. Jane E. Harrison discusses Greek Art at Cambridge. A very interesting paper on Early English Painters is contributed by Edmund Oliver and Eustace Balfour discusses French Furniture. Each one of these papers is illustrated with numerous engravings, some of them from nature, others from rare prints and notable paintings. A complete record of the art news of the month, both in Europe and America will be found in its usual place in the Magazine. Cassell & Co, Limited, New York.

Facetiæ.

A guilt frame—The prison window.

Narrow escape—The tip of a gas jet.

Quick at figures—The dancing master.

The first vehicle ever made—The whirligig of time.

The European adventurer fishes for rich American girls with a baron-net.

"Circumstances alter cases; but I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances," said a briefless young lawyer.

Up in New Hampshire they have taken forty thousand salmon eggs from twelve fish. If salmon could be cured of their foolish fondness for the water, it would not be long ere they had driven the consequential but unreliable hen completely out of the market.

There is much talk among gossip writers of a lady of fashion at Saratoga who has thus far worn over fifty different costumes and she has only been there two weeks. That's nothing to the man we know down at Cape May. He has over two hundred suits. He is a bath-house proprietor.

The most gauzy story ever presented to the credulity of the American public is that in a recent stage robbery in Montana an editor who was a passenger was robbed of $1.50 and had $600 that was not taken. The inside facts are that he had the $1.50 in the toe of his sock and the $600 in his mind.

A patent medicine advertisement reads: "Fifty dollars reward to any one who will produce a case of liver complaint that our bitters will not cure." This generous offer will undoubtedly occasion great rivalry among the leading producers of liver complaint, and stimulate them to renewed exertions.

The editor of a scientific journal asks—"How did you come to possess our present dress?" How should his contemporaries know? Perhaps he procured it in exchange for advertising for the tailor. Or he may have won it at a raffle. Or probably, what seems more plausible, told the tailor to charge it.

We can't help entertaing a severe respect for that science which can instantaneously photograph a flying horse, but forces a man to sit for four eternal minutes in front of a camera, his head braced into a pitchfork, and his nerveless eye staring hopelessly out into the fathomless realms of the undefinable.

Fur and Sealskin Garments.

C. C. Shayne, the well-known Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs direct from manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion Book mailed Free.

Superfluous Hair.

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☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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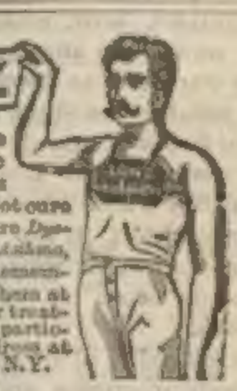

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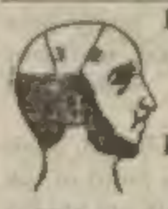
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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

As Autumn advances apace, and the fall of the leaf is at hand, we part with regret from the sunshine of summer and prepare for the coming dull day.

The sudden change in the weather has once more made dressmakers busy, and the principal shops are well stocked with goods that are modish and new.

It is patent to those who make fashion a study, and mark all her whimsical moods, that the question so frequently asked us, "Pray tell us, now, what will be worn?" can in nowise be answered off-hand. It is merely our task to describe what we see, and to point to the signs of the times in the make of materials used.

The costumes of muslin and kindred light fabrics which we donned with a true sense of comfort in the season of tropical heat, are no longer worn out of doors, their place being taken by velveteen, serge, or fine cloth.

A rough make of serge is much used for plain autumn gowns, and velveteen closely competes for the kudos of popular favor.

At last the term "gown" is, we fancy, now fitly applied to the garments with which we are clothed; for the plain skirt, devoid of all extras—no paniers, no tunic, no pouf—and the bodice made round, with a belt, seems to us to be rightly so named. Many are made with rows of velvet ribbon, fancy braids, or narrow tucks at the lower part of the skirt, and, apart from their somewhat prim look, are most useful and sensible wear.

Some of these skirts have a deep band of velvet describing a horn at the edge, with the upper part tucked to the waist, or left plain if it be so preferred.

The bodice has a collar and cuffs of the velvet, and waistband with long drooping ends.

These plain skirts are also relieved with perpendicular rows of ribbon velvet, placed their own width apart, from the waist to the edge of the hem, below which is a kilting of velvet, or may be a small gathered flounce.

The velvet is usually of a deeper shade than the woollen material of the skirt, but contrasting shades are frequently used, which, if well chosen, produce most artistic effects.

Bronze-green serge, and dull ruby velvet or dark blue and lustreless gold, are especially good combinations, and both look remarkably well when made in the way we describe.

The bodice is either of velvet, velveteen, or of serge, with plain velvet revers at the neck and cuffs, or a narrow plastron front terminating at the waist, and fastened with fancy metal buttons.

The fashionable bodice, if not made "round" is basqueless and short at the sides, pointed both back and front, and piped at the edge with the velvet or braid that appears on the skirt of the gown.

A waistband of velvet is invariably worn with these plain woollen skirts, and in front, but a little to one side, is a metal clasp, or one of carved wood or enamel, from which hang a number of loops and ends, cut in tiny "saw" points.

On the skirt again, at one side only, is placed a square velvet pocket, which, however convenient, must be used with great caution, and should never contain articles of more value than the gay bordered and embroidered mouchoir, peeping out from its satin-lined depths.

Nun's cloth in all dark colors, but of heavier make, is as much in demand as ever for everyday plain autumn gowns, and is woven with patterns of floral sprays or quaint arabesques in dull tints—which relieve but yet do not detract from the quiet, harmonious whole.

It is early as yet to say much about bonnets, expect that they now have no strings.

It remains to be seen if this fashion will last through the approaching season of winter's cold, dreary, dark days (when the feeling of warmth is pleasant), and cheeks, throat and chin would be laid bare!

At present the fashionable bonnet is mostly of the peaked and high-crowned variety; and lace ones, with the odd-looking, pent-shaped brims—which have lately been voted *la mode*—are now giving way to the same form in felt, or in satin encased in yak lace, or a trellis of beads and chenille. The crowns of these colored felt bonnets are covered with small tufts of chenille of a darker shade, or with velvet shapes outlined with gold; and the brims are bordered with a rope of chenille; or a puffing of velvet to match.

Foliage in velvet, most beautifully shaded, is placed in huge clusters in front, and is also seen inside the brim.

Bullrushes, palms, and green ferns are arranged in large, wide-spreading clumps, or the russet-tinted leaves of the chestnut and maple tree.

The latter are quite perfect in color and form and wrought with surprising *ressemblance*.

Garlands of closely curled feathers, small sized, and tinted in shades, are worn round the crowns of velvet bonnets, which are edged at the brim with gold cord, and are lined with contrasting colors.

For instance, a bonnet of cigar brown velvet was so trimmed with feathers of all shades of fawn, brown, and red, the scuttle-shaped brim being lined with red velvet, and bordered with fawn and gold cord.

A small metal openwork clasp was placed at the back of the cut-out crown, where were three short but full ostrich tips of a rich shade of dark brown.

A bonnet of dull green-drab velvet of somewhat similar shape to that we have just described was embroidered with small golden dice, and lined with gold plush, and outlined with green and gold cord.

Coiled round the crown was a serpent in velvet, in aspect most horribly real, its head reared in front mid a small bunch of feathers, in shades of green powdered with gold.

Eccentric, a *tout hasard*, but well may we ask, What next?

In dress stuffs, we specially mention the gold-woven, rough serge. The material is one that is likely to be fashionably worn, and certainly deserves success, no less on account of its handsome appearance than its purely "home" produce and make.

Lead-blue and brown are the favorite shades, with smoke-grey and water-cress-green.

The serge has a wide ribbon border of gold-metal threads and bright silk, or a deep band woven with basket-work patterns or others in squares or large spots.

For morning wear the serge is made up as a plain skirt in long hanging folds, or rather as a full tunic over a petticoat of the same material; the tunic only has a woven border, which is re-introduced in the front of the bodice, and again at the neck and wrists.

The serge looks exceedingly well in the new shade of blue woven with "darned" spots of gold, and worn as a tunic and bodice on a round skirt of fine velveteen.

A costume of cinnamon serge had a ribbon border of pure gold thread edged with silver, and mixed with bright red silk.

The tunic fell straight from the waist, and was cut up its whole length in front, showing a petticoat of cinnamon plush.

At the back of the tunic were many fine long-gathered plaits; these stood well out from the point of the bodice, which was made very short on the hips.

The bodice had lappets of plush both back and front, which reached to the point of the basque, and from the side seams are velvet bands tapering to a sharp point, and striped with small folds of gold ribbon, which crossed in front below the waist in a new and original manner.

The plain sleeves had velvet cuffs crossed with golden ribbon, and tied in a bow on the top.

The bodice was fastened with round gold buttons; at the neck was a bow with long ends fastened.

Serge is also much used with a fine make of silk corduroy; the latter for the round skirt, and the serge for the bodice and drapery.

We were much pleased with a novel mixture of smoke-gray corduroy and a light shade of seal-brown serge.

The straight skirt of velvet had a flounce of openwork silk embroidery exactly matching it in tint, and sewn on the edge without any fulness whatever.

Through this worked flounce could be seen the underskirt of brown serge, which was finished with rows of silk stitching.

Above the corduroy skirt were graceful draperies of serge, rather long on the right, lifted high on each side, and falling in long loops behind.

Fireside Chat.

THE RENOVATION OF CLOTHES.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

My young readers will see that the purchase of cheap gloves does not enter into my calculations, and indeed I would advise everyone against so wasteful a method of spending money.

I have just given a method of dry cleaning for gloves, chiefly concerning those gloves like the *gant de Suede*, which are rough on the outside.

The following is an excellent "wet" method of cleaning:—Wash them in lukewarm water with curd soap and prepared ox-gall. Stretch them and rub them with pipeclay and yellow ochre, in equal parts, made into a paste with beer. Dry gradually, rub when half dry, put them into shape, cover them with paper, and then iron them.

Another method of washing gloves is to rub them with a strong lather of curd soap and milk, applied with a shaving-brush, rubbing upward, the wrist to the finger tips. When clean, remove the lather with a soft cloth, take off the gloves, blow into them, and hang them in the air to dry.

The simplest method of all is the French way, which is to put on the gloves and wash them in a basin of spirits of turpentine till clean; benzine is also excellent for the same purpose. Afterwards the gloves must be hung in the air till the smell evaporates.

A caution must be given here, and that is that this method must always be used by daylight, never by gas or candle light, or else we shall probably furnish the daily papers with a very sensational paragraph, and our friends and neighbors with an awful and painful experience, of a death, horrid and sudden, caused by our own carelessness and thoughtlessness.

White and light colored gloves may be dyed both dark and light by those who choose to take the trouble; and now that black gloves are less worn than they were, I will venture to enter on the question here. I must first say that one must have a pair of stretchers, I think, to dye gloves successfully and spread the color evenly.

The best thing to restore the color to tan or brown gloves is to wet them with a strong solution of saffron and water, which has been boiled and then left to infuse through the night; the tops of the gloves thus treated must be sewn up, to prevent the color from running inside, if they are not put on a pair of stretchers.

A strong solution of coffee also gives a pretty color to white gloves, by dipping them into it when on the stretchers.

Another method of cleaning and restoring the color to gloves is to clean them with yellow ochre and pipeclay, or rotten-stone with fuller's-earth, according to the color you wish to give: yellow ochre for yellow, and mixed with pipeclay to make it lighter; while the rotten-stone and fuller's earth give a dark shade; the colors are mixed with either beer or vinegar and applied with a shaving-brush; then dry the gloves gradually, neither in the sun nor by the fire, and when dry, rub and pull out before they become quite dry. Spanish brown and black earth will give a good brown color.

A paragraph that has gone the round of the newspapers tell us that as a rule we are all wearing gloves much too small for us, and that no glove is the proper fit unless the fingers will close properly when it is on, or unless the palm of the hand can be placed flat on the table with ease and comfort. These seem good and safe rules to go by in selecting gloves.

One of the secrets of neat and economical dressing is "having a place for everything and putting everything in its place," and in renovating the clothes you will find the benefit of this rule.

Brush the dust from mantle, cloak, and hat before putting them away, fold the veil, and lay the gloves flat, not turning one over the other, brush out all the flounces and folds of your dresses, and remember to see that the loops for hanging them up by are all there, and be sure to mend the torn braid and the ripped space in the tuck of your petticoats.

The best way of keeping the buttons on both boots and gloves is to take them all off when they begin to get loose, and pierce a little hole for the shank of each button through the leather or cloth, push them through, and run a stout tape or string through each shank on the wrong side, fasten each end of it fast to the boot or glove, and the buttons will be secure as long as they last.

Interesting Statistics.—For three months of the present year there were 423 suicides. This is a slight increase over last year. The greatest numbers at specific ages were 16 at 40 years and 15 at 55 years.

Thirty-two were assigned to business trouble, 13 to chagrin at parental discipline, 28 to destitution, 32 to dissipation, 34 to family trouble, 12 to grief, 83 to insanity, 21 to love trouble, 51 to sickness and 10 to punishment undergone or threatened.

The record according to condition was as follows: Maids, 22; bachelors, 123; husbands, 108; wives, 39; widows, 9; widowers, 17; divorced men, 6; divorced women, 4.

Shooting was the method chosen by 165, poisoning by 95, hanging by 76, cutting the throat by 27 and drowning by 18.

In point of nationality the Americans led with 231, the Germans following with 91 and the English with 19. The remainder were scattered among seventeen other nationalities.

There were 46 farmers, 33 merchants, 21 day laborers, 11 clerks and 9 speculators in the list. The remainder were scattered among sixty other occupations.

The usual proportion of three or four suicides among men to one among women was repeated.

The record as to sex was males 324, females 99. Ohio led in the roll of states with 44, Pennsylvania followed 42, Illinois with 38, New York with 37 and Missouri with 23.

Two hundred and eighty suicides were committed by daylight and 143 at night. In ten cases the crime of suicide was connected with that of murder.

A handless thief, who had stolen a watch with his teeth, was last week sent to prison for two and a half years by Recorder Smyth, of New York.

Correspondence.

I. H.—We know of no young lady so disposed.

T. Y.—Italy has been called the garden of Europe.

C.—The paper you speak of is published in New York.

P. R.—The word iodine is derived from the Greek, and means violet-like.

K. A. M.—We do not know the address of such an institution. It is certainly needed.

John Milner.—The small-pox marks cannot be removed. 2. It is a name in the Old Bible.

Blossom.—A single young lady can be a bridesmaid three times and yet become a bride. It is only silly superstition.

Blue Eyes.—The question of happiness in a girl of twenty marrying a man of forty must be settled by the parties interested.

W. G. G.—See Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus," act II., scene 1, for the lines—

"Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown."

J. B.—There are books to be had cheaply from optical instrument makers, that will tell you all about sensitized paper. The process would be too long and generally uninteresting for insertion here.

G. B.—We give, in accordance with your request, the names of twelve celebrated authors, as follows:—Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Burns, Scott, Byron, Moore, Bulwer, Dickens, Irving, Bryant, Longfellow.

W. M. S.—If the pennies are in good condition, they are worth from three to five cents. Those of 1858 are worth from fifty cents to two dollars according to condition. A half-penny of 1797 is worth from two to five cents.

F. F.—It would be the height of imprudence on your part to enter into correspondence with the person you refer to without knowing more of his antecedents or intentions. Young ladies cannot be too careful in matters pertaining to confidential relations with comparative strangers.

M. C. E.—To stain wood like ebony, take a solution of sulphate of iron (green copperas), and wash the wood over with it at least three times; let it dry, and apply three coats of a strong decoction of logwood; wipe the wood, when dry, with a sponge and water, and polish with linseed oil.

Byker.—The nonsense talked about flesh-forming diet is provokingly misleading. One person will grow fat on a diet of herbs, while another will remain thin though fed with the richest of food. The organism makes its own selection from the food taken. Let appetite be your guide. Do not ask, "What shall I eat?" but, "What will give me an appetite?"

R. B.—As a general thing, if the scalp is kept free from dandruff, and the general health well taken care of, the hair will not fall out. But in some cases there is a hereditary tendency to baldness and then it is almost if not quite impossible to keep the hair from coming out. There is nothing which will make the eyebrows grow beyond their natural development.

V. S.—In the old days of the Venetians it was customary to set aside the 2nd of February in each year for the purpose of the celebration of marriages. Old and young, poor and rich, assembled at the Cathedral, and were duly made one by the Bishop who performed the ceremony. Each lady always brought her wedding portion with her in a little box called an arcella.

Willie R.—If the gentleman who you say is paying his respects to you has been treated by you in such a way as to lead him to believe that he is a favored suitor, then it would not be fair to him for you to correspond with the other. But if they are both friends, and stand on an equal footing with you, then it would not be unfair to the first for you to correspond with the second.

N. W. M.—To cure stammering, read aloud with the teeth closed. Do this in a room, where no one will be likely to disturb you, for an hour at a time. Then, when you converse with others, speak as slowly and distinctly as possible. It may take a long time to effect a cure, but perseverance, we are told, will accomplish it. If you are at all nervous, give up the use of tea, coffee, and tobacco.

R. D. S.—There is, doubtless, something in phrenology and physiognomy—perhaps a good deal but not so much as their enthusiastic advocates claim for them. Lavater, the celebrated Swiss physiognomist, who flourished during the later part of the last century, gave an impetus to the study of physiognomy which has not yet died out, and, Gall and Spurzheim did the same for phrenology. That the brain is the organ of the mind, and that the countenance to some extent reveals the character, are truths which no one will dispute.

Hard Lines.—The difficulties are great; nevertheless you must persevere. The virtue lies in the struggle, not the prize. If you tolerate faint-heartedness now, when will courage come? Peg away! "Hard pounding, gentlemen; but we will see who can pound the longest," said Wellington at Waterloo. That is the spirit to cultivate when what you are engaged in is right and true. It is the falling drop that wears away the stone. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, says an essayist, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings.

H. W.—Do not worry. All will be well if you simply now pursue the manly course. No harm is done, nor are any special measures requisite. Look to your general health. Nature has power to repair every injury, and will exert this power if you are only wise and cheerful. You have entered upon an excellent career. Throw your whole heart into it. Be energetic, docile, and intelligent. Dismiss all anxiety; there is no cause for any. You need not mention the subject to any one. We know as much about the matter as any one, and we say, All is well. Make up your mind to win respect and to work your way to the front. The first condition of success is self-discipline. Do what you know to be right; avoid what you know or even suspect to be wrong, and be happy. Write to us at any time, and be quite sure we shall always be glad to hear from you and to advise you.